

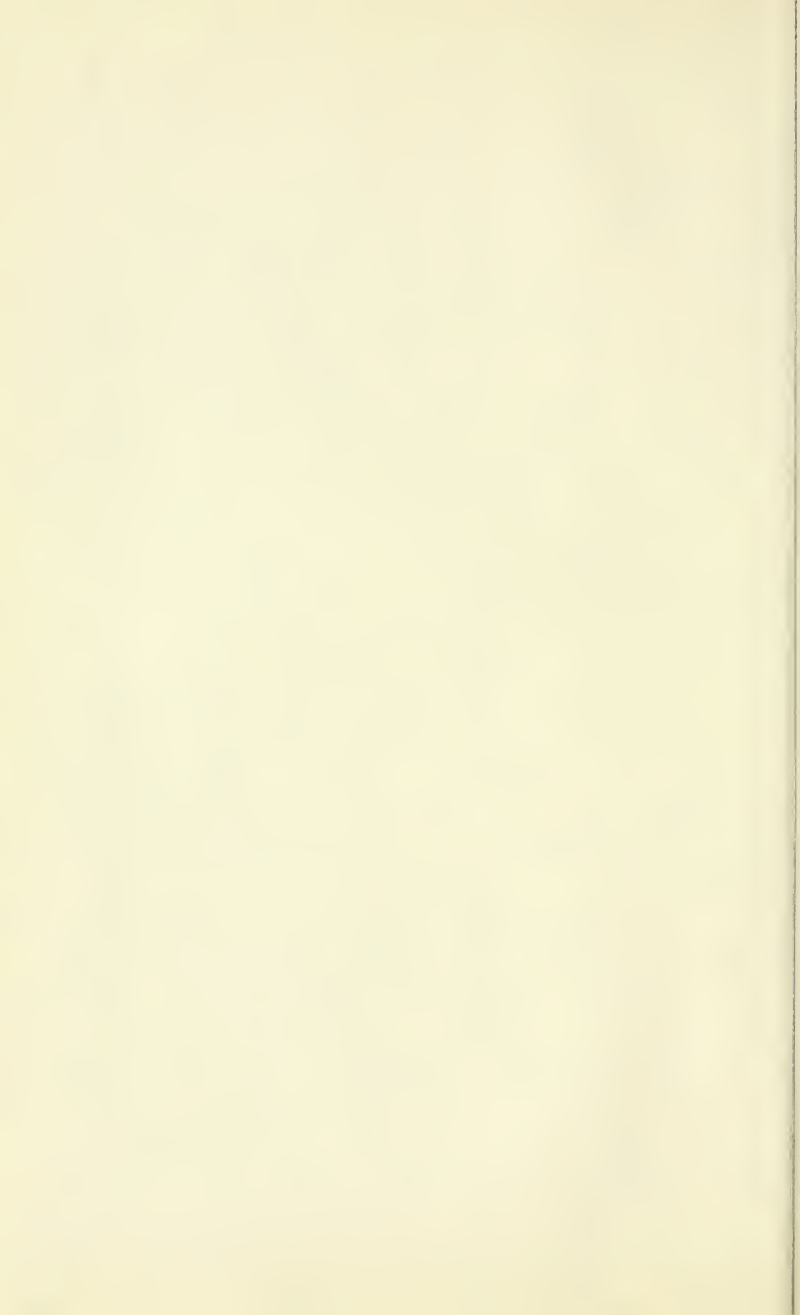
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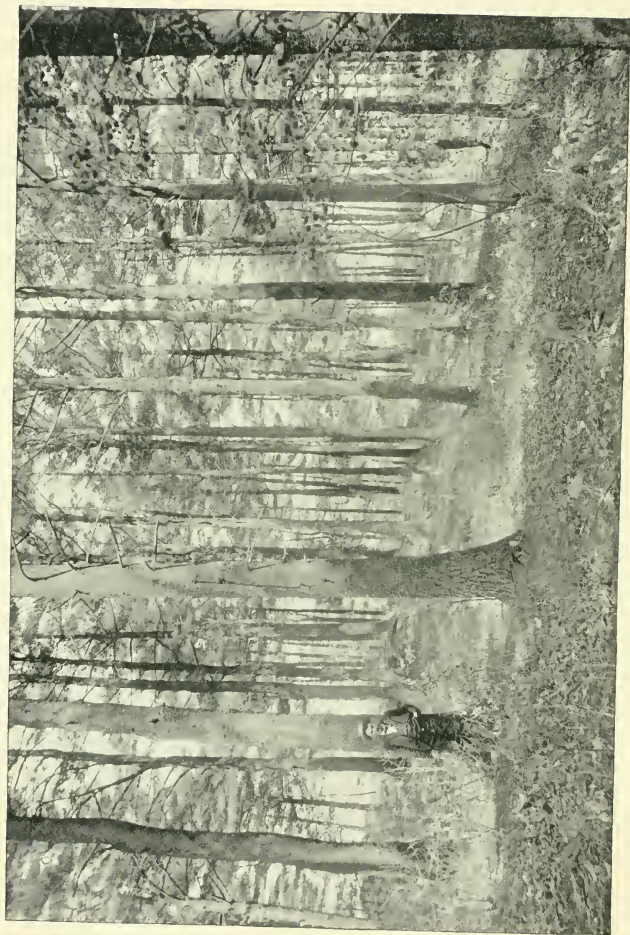












AARON BURRILL'S PINES.

IN LYNN WOODS

WITH PEN AND CAMERA

BY

NATHAN MORTIMER HAWKES

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that this world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart.

— BRYANT

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LYNN, MASS.

THOS. P. NICHOLS

1893

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By NATHAN M. HAWKES.

THE NICHOLS PRESS,
THOS. P. NICHOLS, LYNN, MASS.

AT THE GATES of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he takes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find Nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer Nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently-reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles.

6 — EMERSON.



P R E F A C E .

THE notable achievement of Lynn in restoring its ancient forest to the highest form of communal use has become known beyond our borders. Already the advance guard of pilgrims has seen its beauties and sung its praises. An ever increasing throng of lovers of Nature will visit Lynn to enjoy its greatest attraction — its silvan retreat. Others have given land, cash, business ability and enthusiasm to the grand project. In a cause that attracts all the loyal sons of the old town I could not be wholly an idler, hence this little book. Whatever else it may be, it will at least serve to exhibit the skill of our amateur photographers, and the excellent work of our handicraftsmen in the art preservative. It is neither a guide-book nor a history. There are some things in it that have caused the Breakfast Table critic to style the writer a browsing antiquary. I, however, can lay no claim to the standing of an antiquarian. I have a reverence for the fathers, and a deep respect for the men of modern Lynn, historians, naturalists, and men of affairs, who have worked together to dedicate to all generations that follow us the inestimable boon of the Lynn Woods. The woods have cherished the names of some of the planters for more than two centuries. That they will perpetuate the memories of some of our citizens who are named in these sketches for an even longer period is my confident belief.

Giving due credit, I have not hesitated to use some descriptions of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Newhall and Mr. Tracy.

It is quite likely that if I could have made the whole work a mosaic from the writings of such eminent authorities it would have been more satisfactory. The ground to be traveled, however, was largely untrodden, so that my pen had to do some pioneer scribbling.

The result is submitted not as a commercial literary effort (for that, as some know, would have been drudgery to a lazy man), but as a labor of love, which will be amply rewarded if the visitor shall think it worthy, for want of a better, to be preserved as a Souvenir of Lynn Woods.

LYNN, MASS.,
November 1, 1892.

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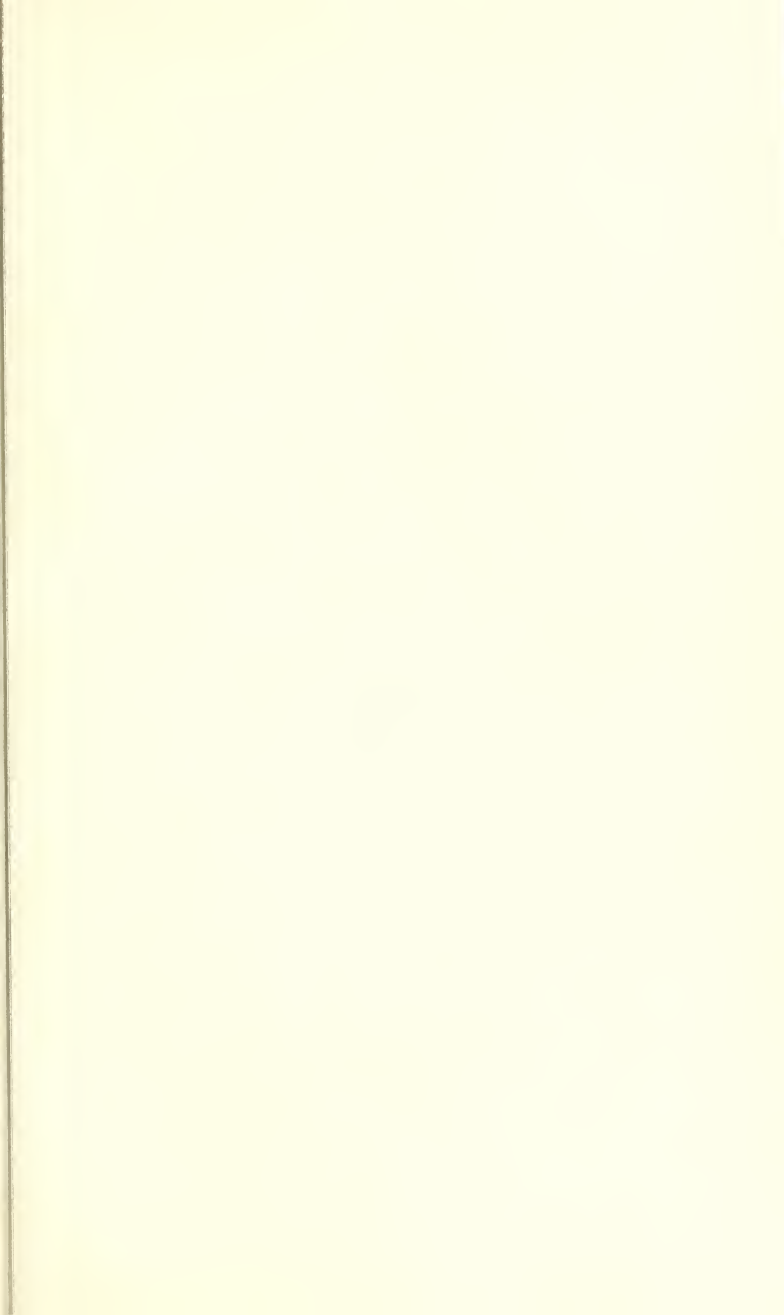


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* Furnished by the kindness of the SOUVENIR PUBLISHING COMPANY, Lynn.







APPROACH FROM WALNUT STREET.

EVOLUTION.

Such is the gift which the good God, working through social history and natural history, and statute laws, and the hearts of men, has given to the present and the future people of Lynn.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

WILLIAM WOOD came to Lynn in 1629. His father, John Wood, was the leader of the little band of Puritans who strayed away from Endicott's colony at Salem, and his name has attached to the Eastern (Woodend) part of Lynn to this day. While here William Wood wrote a book, which is a classic in New England bibliography. It is entitled "*New England's Prospect*." It is the first book that was ever written on the soil of Lynn. He thus writes of our water: "It is farr different from the waters of England, being not so sharp but of a fatter substance, and of a more jettie color; it is thought there can be no better water in the world; yet dare I not prefer it before good beere, as some have done; but any man will choose it before bad beere, whey or buttermilk."

But when in his botanical quest he came upon our woods he found prose too mean a vehicle for his delighted thoughts. Hence he drops into quaint poetry. These are the first lines ever penned about the woods of Lynn:

"Trees both in hills and plaines, in plenty be,
The long liv'd Oake, and mournful Cypris tree,
Skie-towering Pines, and Chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting Cedar, with the Walnut tough;

The rosin-dropping Firr for masts in use;
 The boatmen seeke for oares, light, neat-grown Sprowse,
 The brittle Ash, the ever-trembling Aspes,
 The broad-spread Elme, whose concave harbors waspes;
 The water-spongie Alder, good for nought,
 Small Elderne by th' Indian Fletchers sought,
 The knottie Maple, pallid Birtch, Hawthornes,
 The Hornbound tree that to be cloven scornes,
 Which, from the tender Vine oft taks its spouse,
 Who twinds imbracing armes about his boughes.
 Within this Indian Orchard fruits be some,
 The ruddie Cherrie and the jettie Plumbe,
 Snake murthering Hazell, with sweet Saxaphrage,
 Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage,
 The diars (dyer's) Shumach, with more trees there be,
 That are both good to use and rare to see."

The Lynn Woods are in the chain of granite hills that stand watch and ward over Massachusetts Bay from Quincy to Rockport. Unsuted for agriculture by their ruggedness and remoteness, they were occupied or unoccupied in common until 1706. And even then by a unique vote they were practically kept unvexed by walls or buildings down to the time of their purchase or condemnation for a public reservation.

"The towne considering the great difficulty of laying out highways on the common lands, by reason of the swamps, hills, and rockenes of the land, theirfore voated, that after said common lands shall be divided, every person interested therein, shall have free liberty at all times, to pass and repass over each others' lotts of lands, to fetch their wood and such other things as shall be upon their lands, in any place or places, and for no other ends, provided they do not cut downe any sort of tree or trees in their so passing over."

As the lands were divided among the householders

according to tax rates, the lots varied greatly in size. They were largely held from generation to generation in the families to whom they were allotted. The year's supply of wood was cut in winter and the rest of the year they were the unmolested haunts of wild birds and beasts. In their sunny nooks

"Full many a flower was born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It is trenching upon the marvelous to relate that a busy manufacturing town on the seacoast of Massachusetts awoke one morning to find itself possessed of a grander natural park than any city in the land—a larger one in area, in proportion to population, than any.

Lynn is one of the oldest of the Puritan settlements of the Bay Colony. Upon these woods of ours, looking then just as they do now, the eyes of John Winthrop and John Endicott gazed as they passed to and fro between Boston and Salem. Sir Edmund Andros and Simon Bradstreet passed by the great forest. It kept the north wind from chilling Washington as he made his triumphal journey through New England after he became President, and waved a glad welcome to Lafayette when he rode through Boston street under the floral arches in after days.

Not long after the division of the common lands, shoe-making began to be an important industry in Lynn. In 1750, John Adam Dagyr, a skilled Welch shoemaker, appeared and gave a great impetus to the gentle craft of leather. The warmth and sociability of the little shoemaker's shop became more attractive than the exposure and hardship of frontier farm life. So it came to pass that the woodlands were more and more neglected, till, considered

almost worthless, they were forgotten. The population was sparse and its habits were sedentary. All the time, however, there was a growth, but the boys went to work at the bench. Lynn became a city. Shoe machinery did away with the social democratic shoe shop life of a homogeneous people.

Strange tongues were heard in the streets. Diversified industries came in. Factory life became distasteful to the descendants of the early comers. The noise of machinery hinders thought. Tired brains looked through aching eyes toward the green-covered hilltops. A law of heredity, which had been repressed in the stern Puritans, both here and in old England, but which had survived in the Anglo-Saxon race from the time it had emerged from the forests of Germany, awakened under changed conditions the sentimental attachment for the woods.

The myriads of wood pigeons, whose flight was so thick as to obscure the sun, had gone. The honk of the wild goose in his annual migration was still heard. That born thief, the little red fox, still robbed the partridge of the brown eggs in her nest in the cleft of the tree close to the ground. The gray squirrel found abundant stores of that hickory nut — the shagbark — precious alike to squirrel and Yankee boy. The wild grape clambered over the gray rocks, climbed the sturdy oaks, and its luscious fruit grew purple beneath September's sun. The lowly sweet fern and the lordly pine each perfumed the air with its aroma. Fortunately for the future, that even cleavage of the rock formation which attracts the stone-cutter elsewhere, was missing here. The sportsman and the wood chopper were indeed enemies; but the mischief they did Nature knew how to repair. The beetling cliffs, the great swamps, the sunny

glades and the secluded recesses of the forest existed in their pristine charms.

A variety of motives drew attention to the old woods. Dungeon Rock for generations had held a sealed mystery. The residence there of Hiram Marble had been a magnet to draw the out-of-doors believers in his creed.

It was a utilitarian motive that rescued the water shed and shores of Breed's Pond in its purchase by the City in 1870 as a source of water supply. From that time onward till the final environment of the woods with a belt of artificial ponds for the use of the City, the genius of Edwin Walden led public thought in this direction.

Then Cyrus M. Tracy, the author of "*Studies of the Essex Flora*," an earnest and intelligent worshipper at the shrine of the beautiful in Nature, organized the "Exploring Circle," and in 1882 formulated a plan for preserving the woods by securing titles in them through the medium of a trust, entered into between the City of Lynn and the "Trustees of the Public Forest." A copy of this deed of trust should be set forth as an important historical document. It created a trust in the hands of loyal sons of Lynn. Under it the Trustees acquired one hundred and sixty acres, including Penny Brook Glen and Dungeon Rock.

If the woods had remained in the condition in which they existed down to 1889, a gradual acquisition by purchase might have been possible, but in that year a mighty change in surroundings occurred. The Public Water Board filled the valley from North Saugus to Wyoma with Walden and Glen Lewis Ponds. If the change had stopped there the character of the woods might not have experienced imminent danger. But the ponds were girded with a smooth highway

that pierced the woods and made them accessible to all the meaner kinds of human occupation.

A more heroic method and a more speedy one must be adopted, if the woods were to be saved intact. The means were at hand. The Legislature had in 1882 passed what is popularly known as "The Park Act." The act, with other documents, will be found in the appendix. This act was accepted by the citizens of Lynn at the State election, November 6, 1888. Citizens interested in preserving the watershed of the ponds and the wild scenery of the woods, under the inspiration of Philip A. Chase, pledged the sum of twenty thousand dollars, "to aid the City of Lynn in the purchase and improvement of the land in Lynn Woods as a Public Park." The City Council quickly responded to this public-spirited tender, and on the 9th of July, 1889, appropriated the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the Park Act.

The Board of Park Commissioners organized in October, 1889, with Philip A. Chase as Chairman, and Frank W. Jones as Secretary. Isaac K. Harris was employed as surveyor. Under his direction a map, showing the existing ways and foot-paths, with the numerous lot owners, hills, brooks and swamps, was prepared. The tract embraced in this first taking belonged to about one hundred and twenty-five owners, scattered all over the country. With infinite pains, the Commissioners ran the titles of these various lots back to the original laying-out in 1706.

The Commissioners, in their report for 1890, say that they have completed the taking of lands in Lynn Commons, and find that the number of acres, by survey, is 996, which have been acquired as follows :

By purchase	815
By gift	67
By condemnation	114

As a matter of fact, the whole tract, however obtained, has been condemned to establish a perfect title in cases of ill-defined boundaries, possible unknown heirs and claimants.

The entire area in this forest for public use is sixteen hundred acres. Adjoining lands taken by the Water Board, land owned by the city, and three hundred and four acres in the ponds, make up this total.

The Commissioners in their reports have only done justice in singling out Cyrus M. Tracy for special mention, as the organizer and director of the Free Public Forest movement. In their report for 1890, they say of the Trustees:

“The Trustees of the Free Public Forest, who had acquired by gift and purchase about one hundred and sixty acres in Lynn Commons, transferred the same to the City of Lynn.

“The Trustees, aware of their own limitations, recognized in the powers conferred on the Commissioners, by the Park Act, the means to attain the chief aim of their own organization. The City Council voted to assume and fulfil all the conditions that the deed of trust imposed upon the Trustees, and to pay all liens on the property conveyed, and all the indebtedness of the trust.

“Our citizens will remember the pioneer work of the Trustees of the Free Public Forest with gratitude. To them belongs the honor of taking the first steps to make Lynn Commons free. Their acceptance of the methods that their successors found indispensable to achieve success, and their ready co-operation, is a testimony of their singleness of purpose and zeal.”

The names of the contributors to the fund to secure the land and to build the roads will be given elsewhere.

A statement of the gifts of land—much of it prized as heirlooms, through long hereditary holding, and hence making it more of a sacrifice than its mere value in money—is here presented in acres and rods:

	Acres	Rods
John B. and Hattie C. Newhall	18	50
Amos F. Breed	3	60
Heirs of Philip Chase	4	20
Dr. Edward Newhall	7	140
Pamelia B. Mudge	5	—
C. F. Coffin	17	140
J. Purinton	1	60
T. A. Newhall	2	20
W. O. Newhall	7	10
	<hr/> 67	<hr/> 20

In the closing years of the nineteenth century, the City of Lynn consecrates to its people and to posterity, a magnificent domain in the primeval forest. Our fathers called it *Lynn Woods*. Let that remain its name forever!

It is believed that nowhere in the world are so many surprises of Nature within convenient reach of such a large urban population, as upon this territory. No one can hope to possess himself of all its infinite variety of charm. One might live far beyond the allotted span of man, spend every day of his life in searching out its secrets, and at its close there would be more marvels unrevealed than his eyes had looked upon.

Unlike most of the reservations that are devoted to park purposes, this one comes to us not raw, nor new, nor to be planted, ornamented nor improved, but an ancient forest, full of the traditions and lives of our ancestors.

A properly guarded woodland presents a sharp contrast to any other public or private property. That is to say, any building or any road is at its best when newly constructed. Each year takes away value. With the woods the reverse is true. The older they are the greater their value, not only from the æsthetical but from the pecuniary standpoint. Of course, individual trees fall out, but others and better take their places. This progression goes on for centuries — without limitation. Every oncoming generation will receive a richer blessing from these shades than the one that precedes, and this in proportion as the woods are left or kept in a natural state, so as to offer the greatest opposition to the artificial conditions of city life, which toiling men and women will come here to avoid and to forget.

U S E.

‘T is use alone that sanctifies expense.—POPE.

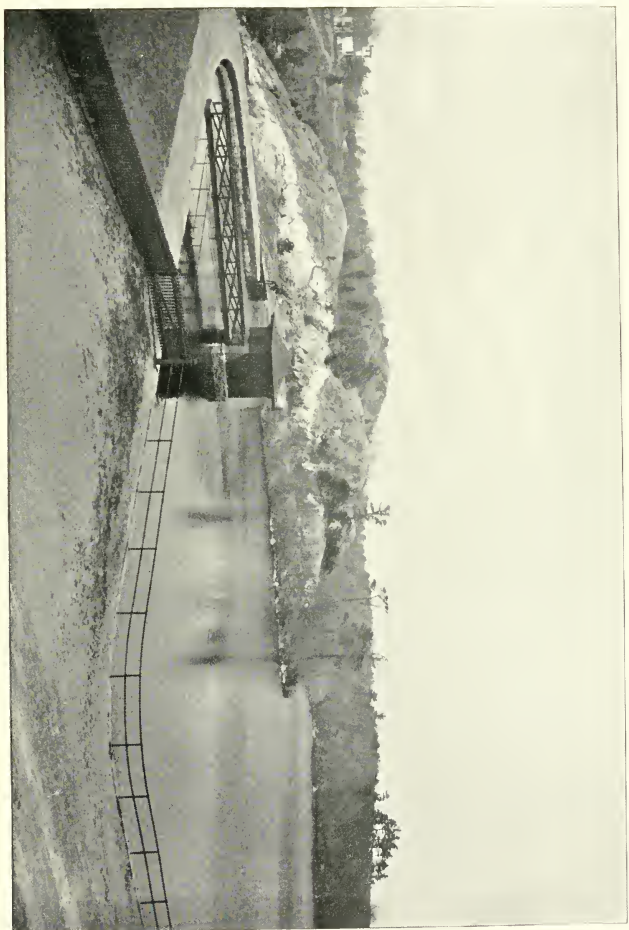
(*Law*) The benefit or profit of lands and tenements.

Use imports a trust and confidence reposed in a man for the holding of lands. He to whose *use* or benefit the trust is intended shall enjoy the profits.

IT SHOULD be strongly impressed upon the public mind, in considering the Lynn Woods, that the use of this great communal reservation as a place of recreation is simply a subordinate incident, which grows out of the high motives that actuated the taking. Whatever other trusts are placed in the keeping of the Park Commissioners, their paramount duty will be to guard the woods as the essential safe-guard of the purity of our water supply and of its continuing abundance. Out of the utilitarian planting germinates the perennial æsthetic. To say nothing of the beautiful, the Lynn Woods have acquired more than a local — even a national — fame as a successful municipal experiment in practical forestry; that is, in keeping our hillsides clothed with the living drapery of the trees, so that the soil may not shrivel nor the springs dry up.

The State Board of Agriculture of the Commonwealth, in the Report for 1890, reporting upon “the condition of the forests of the State, the need and method of their protection for sanitary and other reasons,” refers to our woods as follows:

“In considering our woodlands from a sanitary or other



GATE HOUSE -- BREED'S POND.



standpoint, it may be said that the small proportion of old forest must lessen the value of our woods as a source of water supply in the State, because forest land is productive of springs; although springs are sometimes found in open hillsides, as, for example, those supplying Cottage City and Vineyard Haven. The forests, when surrounding the reservoirs of water supplies — as has been accomplished in the City of Lynn — are a very important means of protecting the purity of the water, and consequently the health of our people, when such water is used for domestic purposes.”

In the same report the Chairman of the Committee on Forests states that while in attendance upon the joint meeting of the American Economic and Forestry Associations at Washington, December 30, last, he introduced the subject of the woodlands of this State, and that “the public reservation of forest land in the City of Lynn was referred to in words of high praise.” To maintain the credit which Lynn has acquired by the creation of this noble public domain, will not depend upon the amount of money we expend on appliances for feeding hungry crowds, the building of elaborate structures, or the massing of gaudy plants. Our problem is to keep noxious influences away from the woods, to control destroying agencies, such as fire and poacher, to encourage our hardy New England trees to re-assert their dominance in a region where once they held lordly sway. Under what is known as “The Park Act,” Chapter 154 of the Acts and Resolves of 1882, we are accomplishing all that the same Legislature intended in passing (Chap. 255) “an Act authorizing towns and cities to provide for the preservation and reproduction of forests,” with the added advantage that the title to our lands is vested in the city and not in the

Commonwealth, and our Board of Control being exclusively a local one, gives an assurance that home pride will cherish our goodly heritage closer than an itinerant Board of Forestry could do.

Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, writing concerning the protection of woodlands by law, says:

"As far as legislation can effect anything, I believe Massachusetts has done as well as any State in regard to her forestry interests. The effect of your act enabling towns to own communal forests, in creating the public forest at Lynn, shows that where the citizens are really alive to the question, they will take advantage of the law. What is needed is, that citizens be made alive and aware of the advantages accruing from the application of the law, and they will apply it."

The buoyant American fancy that our territory was so vast and so fertile that we could invite all the peoples of the earth to our shores, and lay waste our virgin forests with impunity, has received a violent shock in late years. It has been discovered that there is a limit to the hordes of vagabonds and outlaws shipped to us from the slums of the world, that "the land of the free and the home of the brave" can safely allow to change with necromantic swiftness into sovereigns with the ballot in their hands. It has been painfully manifested that vicious and ignorant slashing down of our woods was seriously affecting our soil and climate. It is as vital to the welfare of our people to call a halt to the forest destruction as it is to the plague-spot immigration. An intelligent observer, Mr. Francis H. Appleton, relates the result of such waste abroad:

“In France, as the population increased, and as all available land was demanded for uses of the country at a more recent period in her history, it became necessary to reclaim her mountain sides and tops, once wooded, from a barren waste to forests again; and in consequence of the stripping off of rooted growth, the soil had been gradually washed from the mountain sides into the valleys; streams had made new courses and multiplied them, so that it became necessary for the government of France to be put to enormous expense for building dams, and otherwise, to enable them to again regain control of those streams and send them back to fixed channels, so that young trees could be planted over the hills again, to gradually remake the soil, reform the springs, and preserve both for the good of France. A costly example was thus set to the world.”

The study of forestry in this country is in its infancy. Its importance is generally recognized. Lynn has begun its share in the work in a proper spirit. There remains for the City Council or the citizens, the duty of enlarging our forest area, as has been urged in the Reports of the Park Commission, by securing for the public weal the territory known as the Ox Pasture. It will then devolve upon that Board to apply the laws of forestry to the whole domain, as the correct principles of that science are developed.

ROADS.

FROM the earliest days of the occupation of Lynn by white men, cart paths have existed in the woods, constructed and used as the primitive needs of the people demanded. The great artery ran from east to west with lateral branches. Unlike a turnpike road, it avoided obstacles, and hence pursued a devious course over and around the hills. Its eastern end was at the northern part of Sluice Pond, where it struck the highway known as the Lynnfield Road. Its western terminus, on the top of Hawkes' Hill, in Saugus, found another traveled way known as the Downing Road, now Walnut street.

This trunk way, from time immemorial, has been known as the Great Woods Road. The portion in Saugus was severed from the Lynn section by the construction of Walden Pond. It crossed Penny Brook, and the sunken part is now at the base of the horse-shoe. The first work done by the Park Commission (in 1890) was to grade this road — with scarcely a change in its course from Blood Swamp Landing to Walden Pond, where it intersects the Pond Road, constructed by the Water Board. It is a tribute to the sagacity of the planters to acknowledge that modern engineering could find no better course for the new pleasure driveway than the fathers used for their utilitarian purposes.



WINTER.



The obligation is acknowledged by retaining the old-time name, the Great Woods Road.

A slight deflection to the right, going up the road from the Landing, leads to Echo Rock, a bold promontory, at the foot of which glisten the placid waters of Glen Lewis Pond, beyond which are seen the precipitous crags and wooded ravines of the Ox Pasture, stretching away in weird solitude to Lynnfield.

One of the woodmen's index fingers upon this road was a boulder, appropriately called The Sugar Loaf. Somewhat dwarfed by the raising of the grade, it may still be seen at the point where the Gilead and Dungeon roads radiate from the Great Woods Road.

The Mount Gilead Road, also built in 1890, in the main follows the spur of the Woods Road, down which hickory logs were being hauled by Goodman Basset, while Marlborough was winning the battle of Ramilles for "Our Sovereign Lady Anne, Queen of England."

In 1891, the Gilead Road was extended from the southern outlook, by the western outlook, to the Dungeon Road, to obviate the necessity of descending the mountain by the same course it was ascended, doing away with the danger of turning on the often crowded loop, and also giving carriage visitors a glimpse of the fascinating western outlook.

The Dungeon Road, finished during the present year, begins its sinuous course from the Great Woods Road, just below the Gilead Road. It sweeps around Mount Gilead "till, tumbling through rocks abrupt," it pitches into the deep dell, over which frowns the sheer granite face of Gilead. Winding around the base of the hill, turning at a right angle, the road crosses a bridge over Ramsdell's Brook.

This name is a reminder of the purpose of the Commission to preserve the colonial names that have attached themselves to the woods through ancient traditions. John Ramsdell was a planter as early as 1630. His autograph may yet be seen affixed to a paper signed by leading citizens, called the Armitage Petition. Joseph Ramsdell, a Lynn soldier, was killed by the Indians at Casco Bay in 1690. Abednego Ramsdell is one of our Lynn's immortals, for he was one of her four sons who gave their life's blood in the cause of liberty upon Lexington Green, April 19, 1775. Six other Ramsdells served in the Continental armies from Lynn in the Revolutionary War.

Leaving Ramsdell's Brook, the road ascends a ledgy hill, where the soil is so sparse that the northern tempests play havoc with the trees that struggle to fix their roots in the crevices. Upon the western slope of this hill as a compensation for wreckage of tree growth, a wondrous woodland vista opens. Unlike the view from Gilead or Burrill, or the other elevations, the distant mountains, waters, ponds, and all creations of man's handiwork are shut out from sight. Instead there opens to the enraptured sight a vision of waving tree-tops on hills and intervalles, in every direction as far as the eye can reach — forest all along the sky line — woods beneath the feet — woods towering above. Into this scene of enchantment the westering red sun of June throws its departing rays. Over the cliffs on the east, the great silvery orb of December's moon coldly, gloriously shines. Here Nature is sublime and man is forgotten.

Descend this hill, skirt its flinty side, look over the retaining wall, and the words of the poet will seem fit:





DUNGEON ROAD -- HEWLOCK RIDGE.

"Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
Pay with their grateful voice!"

Up again, the course lies along Hemlock Ridge, where the air is charged with balmy odors.

Next is reached Pratt's Bridge, under which from the northeast flow the waters from Long Swamp. On the west the waters leap into a deep ravine, through a rocky gorge, forming cascades of beauty. Pratt is another old Lynn name well worthy to retain its niche in our temple of Nature.

Down below Pratt's Bridge, where the laughing brook glides, embowered in evergreen, where the footsteps noiselessly press the velvety moss turf, lies fair Glen Dagr.

Then one of the walls of the fathers — the middle pasture wall — gives entrance to the table land north of the Dungeon. To the right may be seen the curious Union Rock. Upon the left are the ruins of the octagonal stone buildings, which the spiritualists of Lynn began during the period of the Marble occupation. Through the grove to the south is the famed Dungeon Rock.

Evading the breakneck grade of the old Dungeon Road the new makes a half circle around the hill. This opens through a rift in the trees a vista into the little Arcadia, called Dungeon Vale, where several families chose to dwell

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

till dispossessed by the Park Commission. Giant pines tower skyward over the road. At the horsesheds the new road ends in the old Dungeon way.

Up this road the devotees of modern Spiritualism thronged a generation ago, to give aid and council to Hiram Marble in his search for the spoils of Tom Veal. Waiting, they whiled away the summer days by dancing upon the platform at the base of the rock. Just below, among the pines of Mudge's Grove, was a rude building where other spirits were evoked. The old road between Dog Hill and Breed's Pond to the Dungeon Wall was narrow and out of repair, but is now in good shape. Across the upper end of the Pond the Lantern Rock rears its lofty peak.

The Dungeon wall is the southern line of condemnation, but as the City has bought the land on both sides of the road along the shady banks of Breed's Pond, and as Messrs. Harrison Newhall and Howard Mudge Newhall have made the Commission a gift of the rocky bluff at the intersection of Walnut Street, the Dungeon Road properly finds there its terminus.

LANDINGS.

BLOOD'S Swamp Landing and the Dungeon Landing have been familiar names to Lynn yeomanry, and in Lynn conveyances from Provincial days. They have already lost their significance, and the inquirer of the future may ask what they were and why used so much in connection with Lynn Woods. If one of the blue-frocked drivers of the olden time could revisit the scenes of his former life, where he was wont to pile his winter's fuel upon creaking ox-team, and guide the patient, powerful creatures with goad and two simple words, "gee" and "haw," how changed he would find the world.

A landing was a cleared common space, upon which the owners of wood lots hauled from the swamps or the hills their wood in winter when the ground was frozen and covered with snow. When dried by the summer's sun and wind, it was re-loaded upon wheels and carried home.

Blood's Swamp Landing, where the Woodenders, the Gravesenders, Estes Fielders, Nahant Streeters and Mansfieldenders landed their wood, is covered with a broad driveway, a Park police station—not too extravagant—and a Lynn and Boston Railroad Station, while across Tarbox's Plain, betwen the gaunt poles, flies the modern broomstick train.

The other great landing was called the Burrill Hill or

Dungeon Landing. From it wood roads diverged to Cedar Hill, Tomlins' Swamp, the Island, Dog Hill, and all the western wood lots. Here the Breedsenders and the Saugus men came for their winter's fuel. This landing has changed less than the eastern. Another evidence of the wisdom of the fathers is seen in the use of these principal temporary storehouses of theirs in the changed life of the present. The eastern landing is utilized by the Lynn and Boston Railroad as its landing place for passengers, while the western is the natural terminus of the Belt Line Railroad, which is pushing up to the woodland approach west of the Lantern. The shrewd railroad managers of the closing years of the nineteenth century found that their normal and only possible way to effect a landing of their patrons had been pointed out to them by the planters of old Lynn two hundred and fifty years before.

WALLS AND PASTURES.

THE rude stone walls across the Lynn Woods from Wyoma to Saugus, on the range lines—one of which is under the upper end of Breed's Pond, beyond which it strikes the Lantern, and another loses itself in Birch Pond—are objects of wonder to those who encounter them.

Through swamps and over hills these walls extend for miles, so straight that it appears as if their builders must have been gifted with an extra sense—that of seeing through opaque substances, such as trees and boulders. Who were their builders, and what was the purpose of the Herculean undertaking?

The Puritan founders of Lynn constructed them. To know why they were erected involves a consideration of the “admirable economic system of land tenure which shaped the early towns.”

The church was the nucleus about which the planters grouped their dwellings. That the houses might be within a convenient distance from the church and from each other and at the same time to foster that spirit of loyalty and independence, which springs from ownership of the soil, the Puritans threw away utterly the last traces of feudal holding of lands for service, and distributed “home lots” in fee simple. The Pilgrims at Plymouth tried at first a pure

community of lands and of goods. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay made no such mistake. They decreed every man's house as his castle in a truer sense than Englishmen had known in the old world. Thus they established convenience to attend church, and nearness to each other for safety, and the home became a sacred holding.

The Puritans, however, tried an experiment of herding the stock of individuals upon Commons held by the town. This custom grew out of the Puritan reverence for that other chosen people — the Children of Israel. The Bay laws were based on the Mosaic Code, and the people's habits were largely pastoral, like the ancient people of Judea, who dwelt amongst their flocks and herds.

Herding in common, but retaining individual ownership in the stock, besides being a labor-saving device, made the settlers neighborly — having a common interest in the general welfare. Live stock, especially "horned cattle," were sent out by the company in England. The wild lands afforded ample pasturage, the cattle, sheep and swine multiplied and enriched their owners.

The early colonial ordinances teem with regulations concerning cattle, cornfields, fences, tolling and branding of cattle, trespass by cattle and swine, damage to cattle by wolves. Cowherds, shepherds and swineherds became classes.

These walls were built under the authority of the town, by the labor of all the males of the plantation, for the protection and separation of different kinds of stock. The enclosure for the cows was nearest to the settlement, because they must be driven home twice in twenty-four hours to be milked.

They were watchful of the horse pasture, as shown in the

order of the General Court of 1668, directing the selectmen to see to the improvement of horses that ran in commons and woods:

“*Whereas*, the Breed of Horses in the country is utterly spoiled, whereby that useful creature will become a burthen, which otherwise might be beneficial, and the occasion thereof is conceived to be through the smalness and badness of stone horses and colts that run in commons and woods:

“For the prevention whereof, this court doth order and enact, and be it ordered and enacted by the authority hereof, that no stone horse above two years old shall be suffered to go in commons and woods at liberty, unless he be of comely proportion and sufficient stature, not less than fourteen hands high, reckoning four inches to a handfull, and such a horse be viewed and allowed by the major part of the selectmen of the town where the owner lives.

“And if any person or persons turn any stone horse upon the commons, or at liberty, or in the woods, being not viewed and allowed as before, he or they shall forfeit twenty shillings a month for every stone horse running at liberty, after he is two years old, which penalty is to be taken by warrant of the selectmen, and improved to the towns use; and if the selectmen of any town do neglect their duty in taking their fines, and viewing such as are brought in, according to this law, they shall forfeit twenty shillings to the county treasury; and this law to be in force the first October next [1668].”

The admirers of man's noblest servant may see in this colonial regulation, the perfectly developed idea of correct horse breeding. The early settlers had as clear and enlightened views upon this practical matter as Robert Bonner or J. I. Case. The horse pasture was north of the present Pine Grove Cemetery, and its cool spring, at which man and

beast slaked thirst in the olden time, has never failed to yield its beneficent beverage to this day.

An order of the General Court shows the strict guards which the authorities maintained about these preserves of the favored householders.

"It is ordered; that hereafter no Cottage or Dwelling Place shall be admitted to the priviledge of Commonage for Wood, Timber, and Herbage, or any other the Priviledges that lye in Common in any Town or Peculiar, but such as already are in being, or hereafter shall be, erected by the consent of the Town [1660]."

The Middle Pasture and the Dungeon Pasture are in the domain of the Park Commission.

The ox pasture of the fathers was in the wilderness, beyond what is now Glen Lewis Pond. There the oxen roamed and browsed the herbage, and rubbed their backs against the trees of the primeval forest. Farthest from the settlement, it was more exposed to the ravages of the wolves, hence the construction of the wolf pits, which yet remain a marvel of the ingenuity of the planters.

Second only to witches, the Puritans feared wolves. In 1645, the general court made this law about wolves:

"Whereas, great Loss and Damage doth befall this Commonwealth by reason of Wolves, which destroy great numbers of our Cattle, notwithstanding provision formerly made by this Court for suppressing of them, therefore, for the better encouragement of any to set about a work of so great concernment,

"It is ordered by this Court and the Authority thereof, that any person, either English or Indian, that shall kill any wolf or wolves, within ten miles of any Plantation in this

jurisdiction, shall have for every wolf by him or them so killed ten shillings, paid out of the Treasury of the Country; Provided that due proof be made thereof unto the Plantation next adjoining where such wolf or wolves were killed: And also they bring a Certificate under some Magistrate's hand, or the Constable of that place unto the Treasurer; Provided also that this Order doth intend onely such Plantations as do Contribute with us to publick charges, and for such Plantations upon the River of Piscataway that do not join with us to carry on publick charges, they shall make payment upon their own charge."

After seventy-five years of commonage, the habits of the people had changed. The soil in the settlement was so far redeemed that each family could support and care for its stock upon its home land more conveniently than in common. The laudable passion for holding lands in severalty so far prevailed that "the six hundred acres" on the west of Saugus River, Nahant and the great northern ranges, were all granted to the householders in fee simple.

This division of the common lands seems to mark an outcropping of race traits, which, in the beginning, had been subordinated to the overmastering influence of the Mosaic laws and customs upon the fathers. It took place after the planters were in their graves and the first generation of American-born inhabitants had come to mature years. A thorough test of community of ownership in lands had been tried, and was deliberately rejected. The Puritan had no tincture of modern Nationalism in his veins. He was a land-lover, as his Anglo-Saxon ancestors and his remote ancestors away back in the German forests, had been. The Norman strain in his blood made him desire to hold his land in absolute possession in fee simple.

On another matter, too, he differed from modern agitators, who propose to divide the earnings of the thrifty with the idlers every Saturday night. The more a man had acquired by the sweat of his brow, by the toil of his sons, the more he received in the new allotment.

This is the plan adopted by the committee of the town in the old-fashioned days, when habits of industry and thrift were recognized as virtues :

“We first obtained of the Selectmen of said Lynn, a copy of the List of Estate taken by them in 1705, which list being first perfected and made intelligible to us by the Selectmen, through our desire, by their bringing each person's land to the right owner, and by adding such to said List, that by Reason of poverty, or others being in captivity, had been left out of said List, that soe we might come to the knowledge of all the proprietors and Inhabitants that have Lands of theire owne in fee ; we having made division of the aforesaid Common Lands according to what each proprietor and Inhabitant have of Lands upon said List.”

The only common pasturage remaining in Lynn later than 1706, was Rocks Pasture, now our attractive Highlands.

It sounds oddly, but it is true, that these remote hills and valleys were better known, more frequented, and of more pecuniary benefit to the early generations of Colonial Lynn, than they are to our urban people of to-day.

These sombre woods have had three periods of usefulness. First, in the planting era, down to 1706, they furnished pasturage and timber, food and shelter to the village. In the second period, covering a town life, shifting from the pastoral to mechanical pursuits, they were still useful, but restricted to furnishing fuel to the inhabitants.

As time went on, and cheap coal came in, with ever advancing density of population, it seemed as if the slaughtering brick-maker and the incendiary fire fiend would render the woods a desolation, a desert, and a menace to our fair town.

But lo! the third use dawns upon us. We had grown to be a city. The complex modern life requires pure water. Science with its witch-hazel rod indicates its abundance about the springs where the old Puritans' cattle had detected it centuries before. There a great pond of sparkling water is reared. It follows that the water-shed must be protected. Lovers of the woods meet with municipal liberality, and the pastures enter upon the broader and higher function of furnishing the Lynn of the future with water, oxygen, and restful spaces.

The fathers, with their Aryan ways, their patient oxen, and their dæmon wolves, have gone; the woods, which they used first in common, then in severalty, the walls, which testify to their energy, and the wolf pits, which note their skill in masonry, are being restored to the common inheritance of their children's children.

DUNGEON ROCK.

TO THE people of modern Lynn, until a comparatively recent date, Dungeon Rock has been the ultima thule, beyond which was the unknown wilderness. Tradition, romance and credulity have made Dungeon Rock famous beyond our borders. To it the steps of citizens and travelers have long been attracted. As a show place, it excelled High Rock or the home of Moll Pitcher. Two phases of the Rock's story have been so well told that no attempt will be here made to improve. The legendary account will be given in the language of Alonzo Lewis, who, as a child, imbibed with his mother's milk, the traditions of old Lynn. Under date 1658, Mr. Lewis writes :

“This year there was a great earthquake in New England, connected with which is the following story: Some time previous, on a pleasant evening, a little after sunset, a small vessel was seen to anchor near the mouth of Saugus River. A boat was presently lowered from her side, into which four men descended and moved up the river a considerable distance, when they landed, and proceeded directly into the woods. They had been noticed by only a few individuals; but in those early times, when the people were surrounded by danger, and easily susceptible of alarm, such an incident was well calculated to awaken suspicion, and in the course of the evening the intelligence was conveyed to many houses. In the morning, the people naturally directed their



ROAD TO DUNGEON ROCK.

eyes towards the shore, in search of the strange vessel, but she was gone, and no trace could be found either of her or her singular crew. It was afterward ascertained that, on that morning, one of the men at the iron works, on going into the foundry, discovered a paper, on which was written, that if a quantity of shackles, handcuffs, hatchets, and other articles of iron manufacture, were made and deposited, with secrecy, in a certain place in the woods, which was particularly designated, an amount of silver, to their full value, would be found in their place. The articles were made in a few days, and placed in conformity with the directions. On the next morning they were gone, and the money was found according to the promise; but, though a watch had been kept, no vessel was seen.

“Some months afterward, the four men returned, and selected one of the most secluded and romantic spots in the woods of Saugus for their abode. The place of their retreat was a deep, narrow valley, shut in on two sides by high hills and craggy, precipitous rocks, and shrouded on the others by thick pines, hemlocks and cedars, between which there was only one small spot to which the rays of the sun, at noon, could penetrate. On climbing up the rude and almost perpendicular steps of the rock on the eastern side, the eye could command a full view of the bay on the south, and a prospect of a considerable portion of the surrounding country. The place of their retreat has ever since been called the Pirates’ Glen, and they could not have selected a spot on the coast, for many miles, more favorable for the purposes, both of concealment and observation. Even at this day, when the neighborhood has become thickly peopled, it is still a lonely and desolate place, and probably not one in a hundred of the inhabitants has ever descended into its silent and gloomy recess. There the pirates built a small hut, made a garden, and dug a well, the appearance of which is still visible. It has been supposed that they buried money; but though people have dug there, and in several other

places, none has ever been found. After residing there some time, their retreat became known, and one of the king's cruisers appeared on the coast. They were traced to the glen, and three of them were taken and carried to England, where it is probable they were executed. The other, whose name was Thomas Veal, escaped to a rock in the woods, about two miles to the north, in which was a spacious cavern, where the pirates had previously deposited some of their plunder. There the fugitive fixed his residence, and practised the trade of a shoemaker, occasionally coming down to the village to obtain articles of sustenance. He continued his residence till the great earthquake this year, when the top of the rock was loosened, and crushed down into the mouth of the cavern, enclosing the unfortunate inmate in its unyielding prison. It has ever since been called the Pirate's Dungeon."

The connection of Hiram Marble may well be related by James R. Newhall, the faithful annalist of Lynn, who penned it as related to him by the veteran enthusiast. [From 1864 edition of the *History of Lynn* :]

It was in 1852, that Mr. Marble purchased from the City of Lynn a lot of woodland in which the Dungeon Rock is situated. He came hither, a stranger, enticed by alleged clairvoyant revelations, and immediately commenced the laborious task of excavation. And he has continued to ply the ponderous drills and rending blasts for these twelve years with a courage and faith almost sublime. His faith surely has not been without works nor his courage barren of results. And centuries hence, if his name and identity should be lost, the strange labor may be referred to some recluse cyclops who had strayed hither from mystic lands. The rock is of very hard porphyry, and the work has been so extremely uncomfortable and hazardous, that very few

would have persisted in it. The course of the excavation is irregular, and such as a sensible mortal might avoid, as involving great waste of labor. But it is declared to be pursued under spiritual direction, the unseen superintendents — the redoubtable Veal among the rest — being constantly at hand to direct where a blast should be made. As it can readily be believed that no mortal would give such apparently erratic directions, spiritual interposition may as well be referred to for an explanation.

Mr. Marble is a man by no means deficient in intelligence ; and he is an energetic and persevering enthusiast — just such a person as often accomplishes great things, either directly or indirectly. He is of medium size, has a bright, quick eye, and wears a flowing beard, of sandy hue, which does not always bear evidence of having immediately been under the restraining discipline of a comb. He is communicative, and in his conversation there runs a pleasant vein of jocularity. He is now verging upon old age, and his health has become somewhat impaired, probably through the severity of his labors in that damp, dark cavern. He is ready to converse on his plans, fears, and hopes ; and with great good nature, and some times with an apparently keen relish, alludes to the jeers and taunts of those who seem disposed to rank him with lunatics. It is refreshing to observe his faith and perseverance, and impossible not to conclude that he derives real satisfaction and enjoyment from his undertaking. He informs me that the spirit of Mr. Lewis has appeared, and through a writing medium endeavored to cheer him by words of approval and promise. That being the case, Mr. Lewis must surely have changed his sentiments since he left this world, for he was greatly incensed against those who laid their destroying hands upon the interesting objects of nature within our borders. And the reader, by referring to the first paragraph under date 1834, will see how indignantly he has expressed himself in regard to former attempts on the integrity of this very rock. The hope of

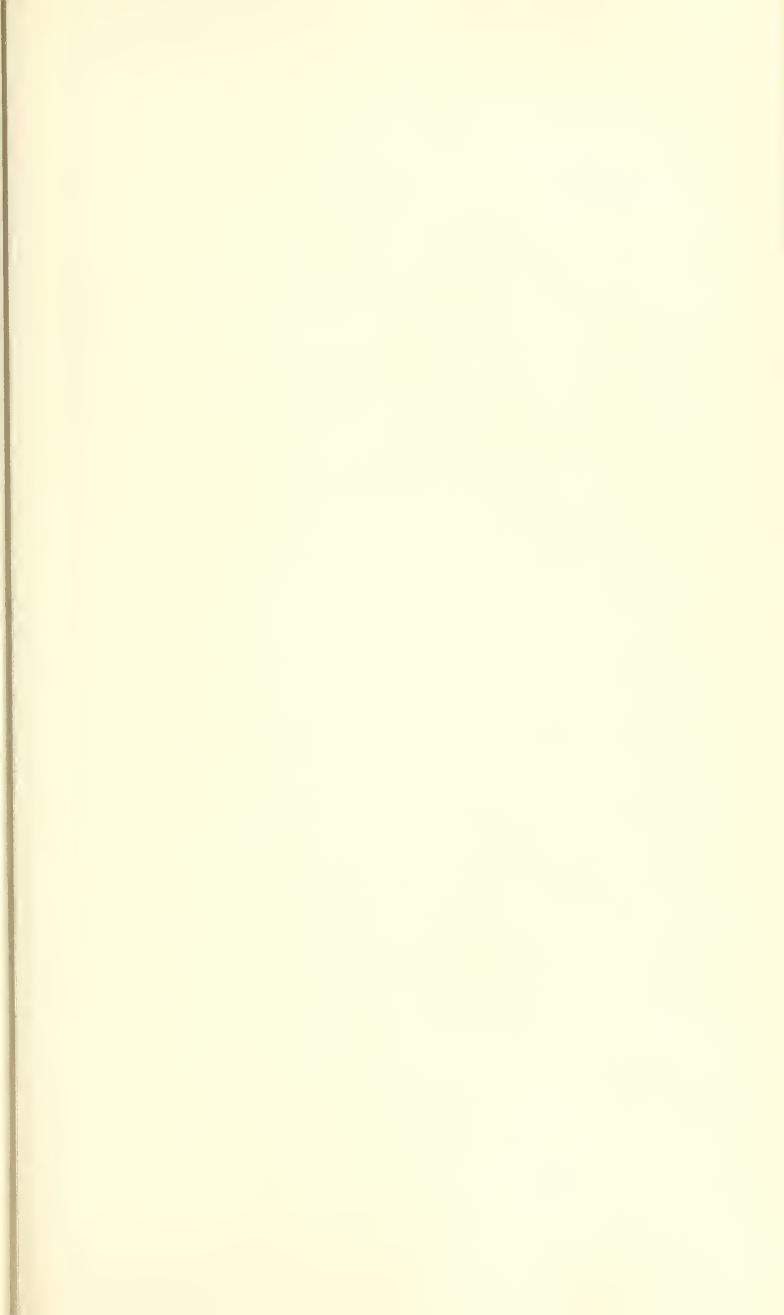
finding hidden treasure has been the incentive to labors here, on a small scale, in former years; and it is presumed that Mr. Marble would not disclaim a kindred motive in his extraordinary application; secondary, perhaps, to a due anxiety "to establish a great truth."

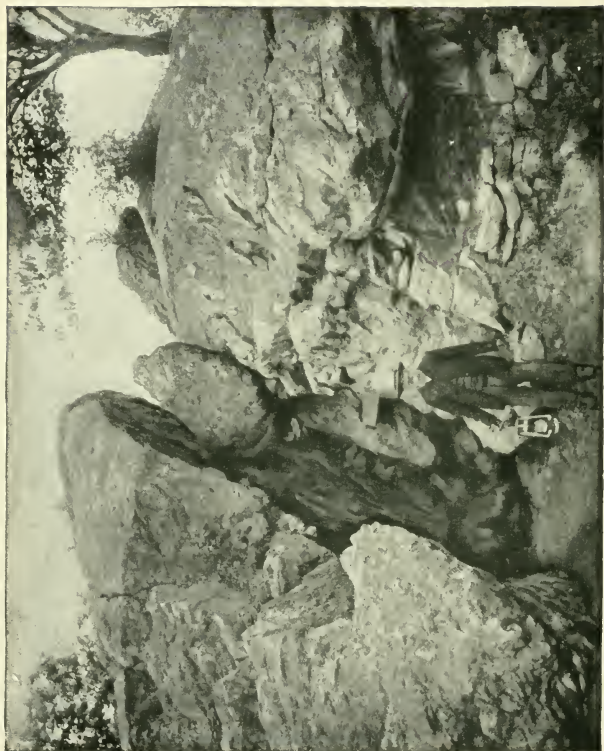
At the close of the year 1863 the passage excavated had reached a hundred and thirty-five feet, and was of the average height and width of seven feet. Mr. Marble — who, by the way is a native of Charlton, in Worcester county, and was born in 1803 — when he undertook the labor had about fifteen hundred dollars which he devoted to the enterprise; and that fund being exhausted, he has for the last eight years received his support and been enabled to continue his work, by the donations of visitors. He is accustomed, whenever in doubt as to the course he should pursue, to apply for spiritual direction, and seldom or never conceives his application to be in vain. The following may be given as a fair specimen of his singular correspondence, the originals being at hand while we write. And that he has perfect confidence in them as genuine communications from disembodied spirits is beyond question. The manner in which he conducts his unique correspondence, may be illustrated by explaining the way in which the communication from Veal was obtained. He states that he wrote the request in this form:

"I wish Veal or Harris would tell what move to make next."

He wrote it in a room, while entirely alone, and folded the paper in such a manner that the writing was covered by fifteen thicknesses. The medium was then called, and merely feeling of the exterior of the folded paper, took a pencil and wrote what the spirit of Veal gave, through him, as the response. The one called Captain Harris is supposed to have been the leader of the piratical band.

RESPONSE OF VEAL: "My dear charge: You solicit me or Captain Harris to advise you as to what to next do. Well, as Harris says he has always the heft of the load on his shoulders, I will try and respond





THE DUNGEON.

myself, and let Harris rest. Ha! ha! Well, Marble, we must joke a bit; did we not we should have the blues, as do you, some of those rainy days, when you see no living person at the rock save your own dear ones. Not a sound do you hear save the woodpecker and that little gray bird, [a domesticated canary,] that sings all the day long, more especially wet days, tittry, tittry, tittry, all day long. But Marble, as Long [a deceased friend of Mr. Marble, spoken of below,] says, do n't be discouraged. We are doing as fast as we can. As to the course, you are in the right direction, at present. You have one more curve to make, before you take the course that leads to the cave. We have a reason for keeping you from entering the cave at once. Moses was by the Lord kept forty years in his circuitous route, ere he had sight of that land which flowed with milk and honey. God had his purpose in so doing, notwithstanding he might have led Moses into the promise in a very few days from the start. But no; God wanted to develop a truth, and no faster than the minds of the people were prepared to receive it. Cheer up, Marble; we are with you and doing all we can.

Your guide,

TOM VEAL."

It seems proper to present another illustration of this singular phase of human credulity; and we give one that purports to come from the spirit of the Mr. Long, who is alluded to in the response of Veal, and who died in 1851. He was a man of good character, and a steadfast friend of Mr. Marble. One of the most suspicious things, in our view, concerning him is, that going out of this world with an untarnished reputation, and with the seal of good orthodox church membership, he should so soon be found concerting with pirates to allure his old friend into labors so severe and unfruitful. The rhetorical flourish about millions of years, near the close, would be thought weakening, did it come from a mortal. The Edwin alluded to is Mr. Marble's son, who has faithfully borne a heavy share in the operations, and is, if possible, a more confirmed spiritualist than his father.

REQUEST OF MR. MARBLE: "Friend Long, I want you to advise me what to do."

RESPONSE OF LONG: "My dear Marble, I have nothing to advise above what Captain Veal and Harris have already advised. We act in

concert in everything given you. I am aware you feel not discouraged: but you feel that after ten years' hard labor, you should have had more encouragement than you have seemingly had. But, dear one, we have done the most we could for you, and though we may be slow to advise you in reference to that which your highest ambition seems to be—the establishment of a truth which but few comparatively now credit, or cannot believe, from the grossness of their minds. But, Marble, you have done a work that will tell, when you shall be as I am. The names of Hiram and Edwin Marble will live when millions of years shall from this time have passed, and when even kings and statesmen shall have been forgotten. The names of Hiram Marble and Dungeon Rock shall be fresh on the memories of the inhabitants that then exist. What shall you do? seems to be the question. Follow your own calculations or impressions, for they are right.

Yours as ever,

C. B. LONG."

These curious communications are introduced for more than one purpose. They show something of the kind of encouragement Mr. Marble receives in his arduous labors. And they likewise show something of modern spiritualism, which now prevails to some extent throughout the civilized world. Lynn has had a good share of believers, some of whom were among the intelligent and refined. It will be observed that the orthography and mode of expression in the response of Veal, who, if he were ever in this world, was here in 1658, are in the style of the present day. This might give rise, in a critical mind, to a strong suspicion. Indeed it is not easily explained excepting on the supposition that the medium, after all, acts himself, in part—and if so, in how great a part?—or the supposition that the spirits of the departed are enabled to continue on in the progressive learning of this sphere; or by taking a bolder sweep and at once awarding to the spirits the attribute of omniscience. There are difficulties in the way of reasoning in such matters, because they lie in that mystic province into which no human vision can penetrate—where the vagrant imagination so often revels undisturbed. And then again, the allusion to sacred things, in Veal's response, does

not seem in exact accordance with the character of an abandoned outlaw.

Spiritualism, however, in the case of Mr. Marble, seems to have been productive of good. He states that he was formerly an unmitigated infidel, having no sort of belief in man's immortality. Even for some time after he commenced his labors at Dungeon Rock, he clung to his frigid principles. And it was not till after repeated exhibitions of what he was forced to receive as spiritual manifestations around him, that his old opinions began to loosen. To minds constituted essentially like that of Mr. Marble, and there are a great many, the doctrines of spiritualism must commend themselves as fond realities; and they bringing consolation and trust. And they are doctrines which, under different names and forms have existed ever since the world began. It must be a strong incentive that could induce a man to quit the ordinary pursuits of life, and take up his abode in a lonely forest, as Mr. Marble has done, there devoting years to the severest toil, and undergoing so many and great privations.

In a late conversation, Mr. Marble expressed a desire that the facts regarding his enterprise might be stated in this history, to the end that the people of future generations might have some data by which to judge concerning the pretensions of the spiritualists of this period; saying that if he should discover, somewhere in the interior of that hill of rock, a cave containing treasure, and evidences of ancient occupancy, all according to the lavish assurances he has been daily receiving from the spirit host, the truths of spiritualism will be considered most strongly fortified, if not established. There is wisdom and fairness in this. And on the other hand, failure will teach a useful lesson, a lesson that will remain before the eyes of men so long as the rock itself endures. In either event, the Dungeon Rock is destined to be forever famous; to remain a monument of irrational credulity or triumphant faith.

On May Day, 1864, a callow youngster visited the cave, having as a guide the senior Mr. Marble. He recorded his impressions in the columns of a paper published in a neighboring city. The time was the period of Mr. Marble's greatest activity, and while the style may by critics be deemed sophomorical, the description is earnest; hence we venture to reprint a portion:

"This spot, with the romantic interest connected with it, has had a place of local importance in Lynn history from the earliest times. It is only within the last fifteen years that it has possessed its present notoriety. In the cave beneath this rock dwelt (according to tradition) Tom Veal, sole survivor of the pirate crew. Down in the glen, towards meandering Saugus River, lie the remains of the fair girl whom the pirates brought with them and murdered. Veal thought himself not secure in this retreat, but sought Dungeon Rock, deeper in the woods — more secluded from human eyes. Nor along the whole coast could a more fitting place be chosen by a man who hated or feared society. A bold rock rises from the highest elevation in the vicinity. From its summit, then, boundless visions of pine woods met the eye — to the North, to the East, and to the West. In the foreground, far off in the hazy horizon, was the blue, loved Atlantic. The heart of the caged rover must have often threatened to burst its confines, as his wistful eyes glanced upon the solitary sail that in those days rarely whitened the trackless ocean. As he stood alone on this cliff, naught of humanity disturbed his meditations. Alone with God and Nature, this man must have reflected upon the past; memory's chain bound him to his deeds, evil and unfit for companionship though they were. Here he lived and died. He died no man knows how — not by disease or old age, but by a convulsion of Nature; an earthquake closed the mouth of the cave forever, and shut in Tom Veal

and his fabulous riches from the sight of inquisitive mortals. Did he die in the cave amidst the pilfered booty of foreign climes? Unanswered query.

“Years rolled away; the everlasting tomb gave not up its dead. But modern Spiritualism arose, and one of its converts, Hiram Marble, a moonstruck man of erratic genius, found his way to the place. Under the guidance of the spirit of the defunct pirate-hermit, Veal, he attempted to force his way into the adamantine mausoleum. With dogged perseverance, worthy of a better cause, he has blasted into that rock of unyielding, solid porphyry, a vast cavern. Fifteen years of his life has the man already spent in the herculean task. He has gone into the very bowels of earth, blasting his way with powder and drill. To lovers of the marvelous, there is not a place in old Massachusetts which will so richly repay the tramp, required in attaining the satisfaction of curiosity, as Dungeon Rock and its surroundings. As we stand upon the bold, firm rock, it is impossible to realize the existence, beneath us, of a vast excavation of human hands, and to imagine the yet unfound, mysterious cave of Nature, which still baffles man’s ingenuity, and holds in its unrelenting grasp mingled human dust and base gold. Leaving the summit of the rock for the present, we descend into Avernus—or Marble’s Cave. The entrance is through a chasm or fissure in the rock. Taking a last look at the sun, we confront the blank mass of stone wall. We discover a black hole at our feet; here begins man’s work. We see nothing but somber, gloomy, dimly-outlined blackness; our guide, however, ventures boldly on with his flickering torch. We follow, and our feet are on a flight of wooden stairs—not a headlong plunge after all; now we reach the bottom of wood, and grope on, with the eternal petrification of earth and fire all around us. Deeper and deeper we go into the yawning abyss—turning now to the right, now to the left, we leave behind us the heaven-given breeze of the outer world, and breathe the confined air of the lower regions. On we go for

several rods, the cavern now contracting in dimensions, now expanding, until finally we reach — not the bottomless pit — but the bottom of the pit. Standing on a pile of rent rock, we listen to the gray-bearded man's story, his tale of fanaticism. In the wall, whichever way we turn, we discover evidence of the indomitable struggle between man and matter, smeared all over with powder, and ornamented with the edgings of small, fine-grained drill-holes, and smelling ominously sulphurous. In one corner, a pool of murky water pines in silent discontent; but the jagged, overhanging, jutting, projecting points frown upon us, and who knows but they may block our entrance, and seal us up in, not a hermetical sack, but an escapeless prison. So we hurry once more to the surface, and inhale the pure atmosphere, with an enhanced delight from our short deprivation. A soul-expanding vision meets the eye, as we look down upon the world from the base of the flag-staff. The day is fine, only a slight east wind being an unpleasant reminder of New England rawness. The primeval forests, which the pirate gazed upon, have fallen. A city has grown up betwixt the sea and the rock; but rugged hills, covered with rocks and innocent of soil, and warm, smiling valleys abound, while, like the eyes in a human face, two beautiful, silver lakes nestle between the hills, and to-day gleam in the glad sunlight."

On the sheltered southwestern slope of the Rock stands a boulder, which serves as a headstone for the grave of Edwin Marble, son of the original excavator. The enclosure about the place of sepulcher is made of jagged clippings, blasted from the walls of the cavern, and brought to the surface by the hands of the indomitable man who elected that the earthly part of him should mingle with the soil of the spot where his life's labor was fought out.

Hiram Marble died at his home by the rock, November 10, 1868. Edwin Marble died January 16, 1880. Since that time, no one by act has challenged the secrets of the place. Later the Trustees of the Forest obtained possession of the rock, and here the friends of the forest held an early camp day on Memorial Day, 1888, and performed the prescribed service of the forest for dedication in the presence of a goodly company of lovers of the woods.

Since the Trustees of the Forest released their title, an odd group of buildings, used by the Marbles and their successors as a residence and as a museum of spiritual curiosities, has been demolished by direction of the Park Commissioners.

Other places in the woods may compete with Dungeon Rock on matters of vista, of beauty of grove, of rugged wildness, but its history and traditions touch such delicate chords of human interest, that it will always possess a greater sentimental attraction than any other spot within our limits. Its time-old keep stands guard over the approach to the woods from the south. From being remote, it has become the gate by which travelers enter into our sylvan wonderland. Dungeon Rock is the keystone to the grand arch of our temple of Nature.

TOMLINS' SWAMP. A CONSERVATOR OF OLD NAMES.

PIONEERS' names have a trick of fixing themselves to localities with varying tenacity and importance.

The three Lynn members of the First Representative General Court of Massachusetts Bay in 1634 were Nathaniel Turner, Thomas Willis and Edward Tomlins. Captain Turner wandered away to the Connecticut, and Turner's Falls preserves his name. Thomas Willis gave his name to a hill, a neck and a meadow. Tower Hill, however, has superseded the old planter's surname. The third old worthy's name is perpetuated in that tangled labyrinth of wild woodland, lying in the Lynn forest, between Mount Gilead and Birch Pond, and known to this day as 'Tomlins' Swamp.

The use to which these lands are being put promises to give Tomlins' name an immortality, which his services and family would have failed to accomplish. A seeming trifle sends a commonplace name down through the centuries. Farmer Tomlins' ax-blows break the stillness of the primeval wilderness, the giant tree crashes to earth, his patient oxen drag their burden out of the shades that he may fashion it into his rude cabin, and so a path is made through which eight or nine generations of woodsmen and naturalists have

TOMLIN'S SWAMP -- NEAR PENNY BRIDGE.



followed, and now his name is woven into the grandest natural forest reservation of municipal creation in our land.

The Rambler through our sylvan resort, who is still in touch with his kind, and curious to know something of the white men who first invaded this ancient home of wild fowl, of fox, and of wolf, and blazed their names upon its localities may ask, "Who was Tomlins?" There were two Tomlins, brothers. Captain Edward Tomlins took the freeman's oath in the first list, May 18, 1631. He received a large grant of two hundred and twenty acres in the first division of land in 1638. Edward, as already mentioned, was one of the first deputies of Lynn in the General Court. With his brother Timothy, the Tomlins represented Lynn for thirteen terms. In 1634, the colony appointed him keeper of ordinance. In the same year, "It is ordered that Mr. Edward Tomlins, or any other putt in his place, by the commissioners for warr, with the helpe of an assistant, shall have power to presse men & carts for ordinary wages, to helpe towards the making of such carriages & wheelles as are wanting for the ordinances."

In 1633, he built the mill at the mouth of Strawberry Brook, upon the site of the present Butman's mill. In 1637, he was appointed cannoneer of the colony. In 1638, he became a charter member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The young colony was surrounded with perils. In 1642, the watch or garrison house was built north of Vinegar Hill. Gunpowder was scarce, and the General Court ordered every town "to take order that every house or two or more houses to joyne together for the breeding of salt peeter," for the public use. Sergeant (Edward) Tomlins was appointed "to

the charge of looking to this order " for Lynn. In 1643, "Mr. Edward Tomlins is appointed Clarke of the writts at Linn, in Mr. Sadler his place." In 1644, Captain Robert Bridges, Ensign (Edward) Tomlins and Nicholas Browne were appointed commissioners to end small controversies at Lynn.

Timothy Tomlins took the freeman's oath March 8, 1632-3. In 1634, the General Court appointed him overseer of the powder, shot, and all other ammunition for the plantation. In the General Court of 1635, he served on the committee in the noted case "to consider the act of Mr. Endicott, in defacing the colors, & to reporte to the Courte howe farr they judge it censurable." In the General Court of 1636, and also of 1637, Timothy Tomlins was the Lynn member of the most important committee—that of valuation.

And, let us whisper it gently in these prohibition days, the records of the colony relate that at the same session, 1636, our principal Puritan legislator, "Mr. Tymothy Tomlins, is licensed to keepe a house of entertainment at Saugust." This statement may conflict with Mr. Lewis, who states that Mr. Armitage was the first innkeeper of the town, but Mr. Armitage did not become a freeman until 1637, hence I conclude that Mr. Deputy Tomlins was first.

In 1640, Mr. Timothy Tomlins was appointed "to set out the nearest, cheapest, safest and most convenient way between Linn & Winnetsetmet (Chelsea) and settle it accordingly." This was the old historic road, over which Arnold, more than a century later, marched; over which Washington and Lafayette and the fathers of the republic traveled. It was the great highway from the east to Boston till the turnpike and railroad days.

The first book of written records on the western continent is called the Suffolk Deeds, Liber 1, and was authorized at a General Court holden in Boston, September 9, 1639. The record of the vote is almost as brief as was the act of the court changing the name of our plantation from Saugus to Lynn. In these few words was our registry system begun: "Mr. Steven Winthrop was chosen to record things." In this book, on page twenty-one, is recorded the protest of the agent of Lord Sterling, against what he deemed an invasion of his rights in Long Island. The document is copied, as showing the leadership of the Tomlins family in the founding of Southampton, Long Island, in 1640. The settlement was successfully made, but the Tomlins brothers afterwards returned to Lynn:

"Know all men by these presents that whereas Edward Tomlins and Timothy Tomlins together wth one Hansard Knowles Clercke & others have latly entered and taken possession of some parte of the longe Iland in New England, wch was formerly granted by the letters Pattents of or Sovereine Lord Kinge Charles to the Right Honorable William Earle of Sterlinge and his heires: I James fforrett gentleman by virtue of a Commission under the hand & Seale of the sayd Earle to me made for the dispossinge and ordiringe of the sayd longe Iland, doe hereby protest & intimat, as well as to the sayd Edward Tomlins and others the said intruders as to all others whom it may concerne that neither they nor any of them nor any other person or persons (not claiminge by or for from the sayde Earle) have or shall have or enjoy any lawfull right, Title or possession or in or two the sayde Iland or any parte thereof but that the sayde Earle his heires or assignes may & will at all times when they please implead or elect either by course of Law, or law full force if need be all the sayde Intrudors their servants,

Tenants or Assignes, and may & will recover against them & every of them all damages and Costs in this behalfe sustained Any Coler of Title or pretence of Right by Grant from the Government of New Neatherland or any other notwithstandinge. In testimony whereof I have mad and published this protest and intimation before John Winthrop one of the Magistrates and Counsell of the Massachusetts in New England aforesayde and have desired that the same may be recorded there and in other Jurisdiction in those parts and have published and shewed the same to the sayde Edward Tomlins in the presence of the witnesses under named Dated at Boston twenty eight day of the seaventh Month: Anno: Domini: 1641: Anno regni Regis Dom Noste Caroli Anglie &c decimo septimo.

“The above named James fforrett gentleman did make this Protestation the twenty eight of the said month in the yeare aforesd att Boston in Massachusetts aforesd before me.

JO. WINTHROP.”

One mention of Mr. Tomlins in the colonial records illustrates the Puritan desire that the inhabitants should not have intercourse with ungodly people. It also shows how soon the walls were broken down, which sought to restrain the trading spirit of Englishmen. On the seventh of October, 1641, “Mr Edward — & Timo Tomlins with John Poole were admonished not to go to the Dutch because of scandall & offence.”

These may be meagre details. It requires, however, little imagination to realize that these two men were typical pioneers. That they were held in high esteem by their townsmen, who knew them best, is plain from their repeated elections to the honored position of deputy. The duties assigned to them, especially in the arming of the infant

colony, show them to have been discreet and wise men in the opinion of the leaders of the somewhat close communion government of the Bay Colony. Of good education they certainly were, for the office of clerk of the writs was the most important clerical position in the plantation. The building of mills, the founding of Southampton, when Lynn was only ten years old, the trading with the Dutch at New Netherlands, all indicate energy and push. It stamps them as leaders of the old stock which broadened and developed new vigor from contact with new soil.

The dictionary men describe a swamp as low land filled with water. Tomlins' Swamp is rather a gigantic vase, whose sloping walls are precious stones of dark hornblende and gray sienite, down which innumerable little rivulets of sparkling water leap to vivify the garden of the glades. Then, uniting, the little streamlets become Penny Brook, and glide over its mossy bed, till they hide themselves in the placid bosom of Walden Pond. Penny Brook, so long tributary to Saugus River, now distributes its life-cheering current to the houses of Lynn. Our vase is filled with wondrous results of the alchemy of the elements, from the stately evergreen pine down to the spotless white Indian pipe and modest violet that spring from earth for a few days, when the sun's rays touch secluded nooks in early spring-time.

What more fitting remembrance or monument could any man desire than to have his name linked with this region of inexhaustible treasures for every sense of man, guarded by simple tradition through the generations when the secrets of the woods were the delight of the favored few, till now, when the great public are to be admitted, educated and exalted by daily communion at the shrines of Nature.

The charms of this region come almost wholly from the fact that the hand of man has had so little to do in fashioning them. As a memorial, as a reminder of the sturdy Puritan stock, let us of the present keep man's vandal hands from defacing with improvements. Let us preserve it for the future to enjoy as a bit of primitive New England.

Let the Tomlins' Swamp of the fathers flourish after Nature's unrivaled way.

BURRILL HILL.

WHEN ONE stands upon a hill-top where the eye traverses the circle and takes in a range of distant objects, it is natural for the observer to think that his pivot is higher than any other near-by location.

Such is the feeling when one first sweeps the horizon from the crown of Mount Gilead. The blue hills of Milton are seen beyond the peaks, the obelisk and the golden dome of Boston. The glittering waters and white sails of the Bay are in bold relief. Far off to the north and west, the dim outlines of Wachusett and Monadnock break the sky line with their huge and dull masses. But the eye looks in vain to the east towards the fair land of Acadia.

The Atlantic, whose waves break against our headlands and upon our beaches, is shrouded from the vision. The veil is close at hand. Looking out over a deep gulf of green foliage, towards the point where Abbot Hall, Marblehead, or the black smoke of eastern bound steamers ought to be seen, lies a long, grim hill, which seems to be below the observer's line of vision, but which is really higher. That is the highest elevation in Lynn Woods. It stands two hundred and eighty feet above the water line. Its charms have been sung in graceful verse by our prophet of the woods, and consecrated by the Society of the Forest, under the name of Mount Nebo.

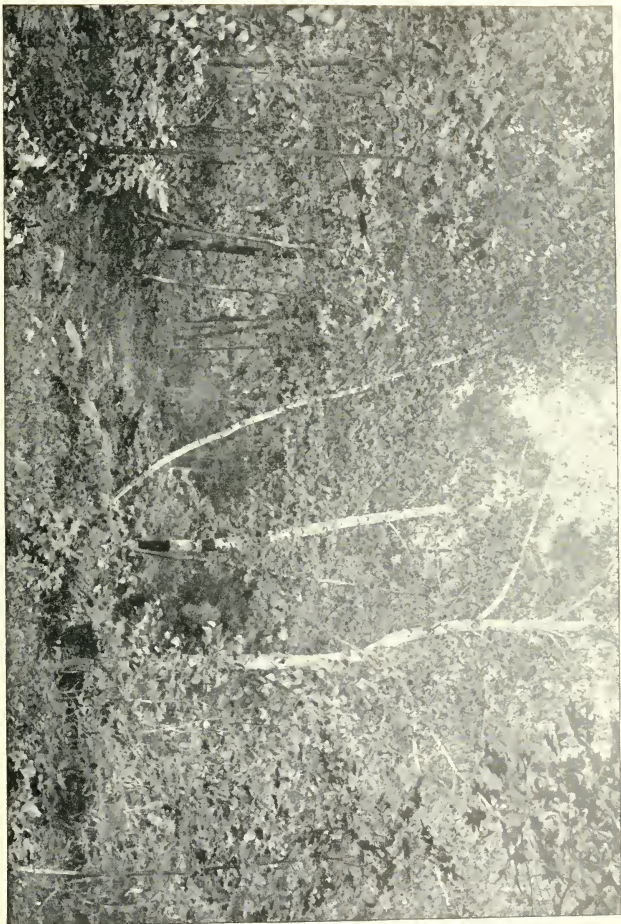
The fathers, however, had a different name for this fairest outlook — this grimmest, most awe-inspiring sentinel — this unequaled, unapproached summit of the woods. They called it Burrill Hill, and this by decree of the Park Commission will henceforth be its legal name. To people who believe that the Puritan founders of Massachusetts Bay were intellectually and spiritually in advance of any people of their time, this recognition of the name of one of our first settlers is appropriate.

Historians divide the history of Massachusetts into three periods. The first was the colonial, which had its dramatic end in the overthrow of Sir Edmund Andros, in 1689. The second was the provincial, beginning with the charter of William and Mary, in 1692, and closing in the immortal scenes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, in 1775. The third begun with the adoption of the State Constitution, in 1780.

The advent of the Burrill family into Lynn is coeval with its settlement. George Burrill, the pioneer, came from England and located on the western side of Tower Hill, upon a grant which indicates him as a principal planter. Of him it is sufficient commendation to say that he was the progenitor of a family whose several generations made a large part of the annals of Lynn for a hundred years.

His son, John, called in the records John senior, for many years a "prudential" or selectman, as such was a party in 1686 to the famous Indian Deed of Lynn. John, senior, was the colleague of fighting Parson Jeremiah Shepard, in the troubles which grew out of Sir Edmund Andros and Edward Randolph's attempt to steal Nahant from the inhabitants.

The broader political activity of the Burrill family dates from 1691, the last year of the interregnum, after the end



A BURRILL HILL PATH.

of the colonial, and before the arrival of the provincial charter. It was the last year that the people of Massachusetts chose their own Governor, down to the time when the State, under its free Constitution, elected John Hancock.

The venerable Simon Bradstreet, styled the *Nicias* of New England, was Governor. John Burrill, Sr., was Representative to the Great and General Court. John Burrill, Jr., became Town Clerk of Lynn, which office he occupied till his death, thirty years later. The town electing but one Representative at a time for several years, father and son alternated in representing it. John Burrill, Jr., was a Representative twenty-four years, ten of which he served as Speaker. From the Speakership he went into the Council of the Royal Governor.

The year 1721 was an exciting one. Very little legislation was effected. Governor Samuel Shute and the General Court were fighting one of the hottest of the forensic battles, which for many years the people waged with the royal prerogative. Worse than that, small-pox raged in Boston through the year. The Court was adjourned to the George Tavern on Boston Neck, then to Harvard College, then to the "Swan Tavern, because of the small-pox near the College." All was in vain, so far as the Honorable John Burrill was concerned.

The Boston News-Letter of Monday, December 18, 1721, contained the following notice, under date, Lynn, Dec. 11.

"The last night the Honorable John Burrill, Esq., one of His Majesty's Council, and one of the Judges of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for the County of Essex, died of small-pox, in the sixty-second year of his age. He had been for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives,

and behaved himself in that chair with great integrity, modesty, and skill; having a just and equal regard to the honor of the government and the liberty of the people; so that he was highly esteemed and beloved by both. He was a man of true and exemplary piety and virtue, endowed with a very clear understanding, solid judgment, and sound discretion. And God made him a great blessing, not only to his town and county, but to the whole province. *Isaiah* iii. 1: 'For behold, the Lord God of hosts doth take away from Judah the stay and staff — the Judge — and the prudent — the honorable — and the counsellor.'

Governor Thomas Hutchinson, the historian of the period, likens Mr. Burrill to "the right honorable person, who for so many years filled the chair of the House of Commons with such applause." The Speaker of the Commons referred to, was Sir Arthur Onslow, reputed the most accomplished parliamentarian who ever presided in the English House. The Governor says that the House "were as fond of Mr. Burrill as of their eyes;" and he further records, "I have often heard his contemporaries applaud him for his great integrity, his acquaintance with parliamentary forms, the dignity and authority with which he filled the chair, the order and decorum he maintained in the debates of the House, his self-denial in remaining in the House, from year to year, when he might have been chosen into the Council, and saw others, who called him their father, sent there before him."

Alonzo Lewis writes, "He gained a reputation which few men, who have since filled his stations, have surpassed. The purity of his character and the integrity of his life secured to him the warmest friendship of his acquaintance and the unlimited confidence of his native town. He was affable in his manners, and uniformly prudent in his conduct. His

disposition was of the most charitable kind, and his spirit regulated by the most guarded temperance. He willingly continued in the House many years, when he might have been raised to a more elevated office, and his thorough acquaintance with the forms of legislation, the dignity of his deportment, and the order which he maintained in debate, gave to him a respect and an influence which probably no other Speaker of the House ever obtained."

Ebenezer Burrill, the younger brother of "the beloved Speaker," was also a man of mark in town and colony. He was a Representative six times, and a member of the Royal Governor's Council from 1731 to 1746.

These brothers were the only Lynn men who ever served at the Council Board of the Royal Governor. From this fact, probably, came the designation which long attached to the Burrills as "The royal family of Lynn." The brothers were astute politicians, for they had long public careers in conspicuous station, and pleased both crown and people.

After them came two other Burrills, sons of Ebenezer. Their names were Ebenezer and Samuel. Ebenezer was Town Clerk seventeen years, and Representative twelve. He was one of "Sam Adams' rebels." His services in the General Court were during the momentous years from 1764 to 1775, to the very time that saw the first armed resistance to the royal authority. Samuel Burrill had the felicity to be the Lynn member of the venerated Convention of 1779, which framed the State Constitution, under which we live to-day. He served as Representative down to 1783, and thus rounded out a full century of eminent public service by one family.

Lynn has inscribed the names of Whiting and Cobbet, its

first pastor and teacher, on marble. Upon a still more enduring monument, its everlasting citadel of granite, it perpetuates the name of an early family of magistrates.

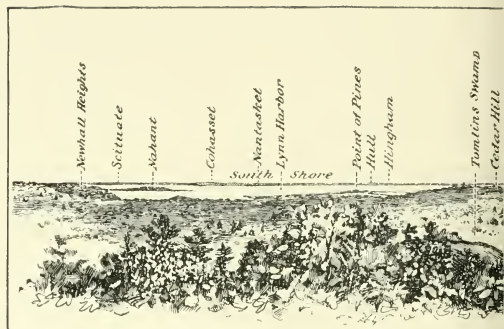
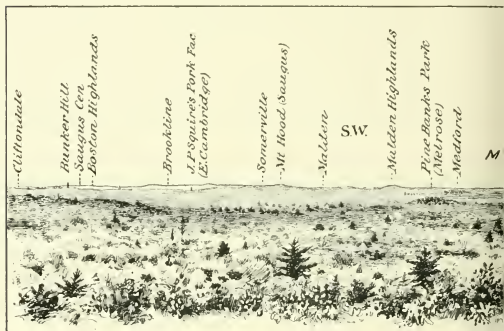
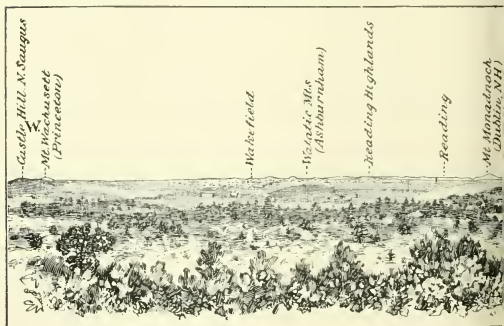
Nature fashioned this untamable hill, which rears its crest above Gilead, and Hermon, and Spickett, and the lesser elevations that diversify the woods, so that only its chosen votaries, they who are agile of limb, and apt with the alpenstock, may look upon its charms. The idler, the lame, and the lazy, who would have their sylvan pleasures diluted by man's ingenuity and the horse's strength, must be content with the assisted ascent of Gilead.

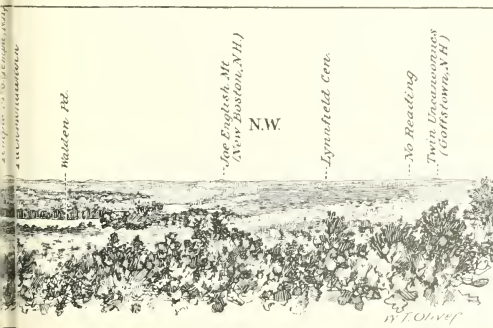
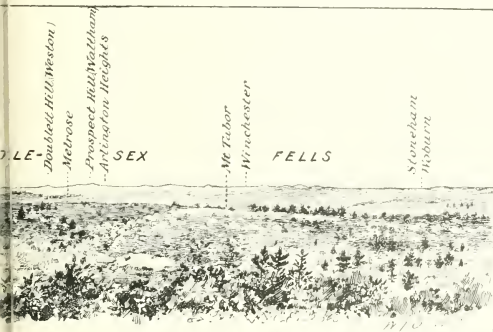
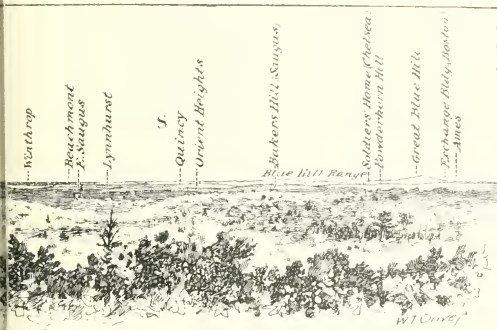
Yet the most persistent climber, especially if he has reached middle age, will not disdain the aid, which a rustic ladder affords, in mounting the boulder that rests upon the hoary brow of the hill, like the cap of a flamen of antiquity.

Burrill Hill is the granite backbone of the woods, upon whose naked surface titanic agencies in prehistoric ages hurled mighty boulders from far-off regions. This grandly rugged and impressive spot — this holy of holies of Nature's temple — ought not to be profaned by vulgar mobs. One ought to come here alone and worship. The face of Moses shone when he came down from Sinai, after receiving his charge from the Lord. There is a message, and a charge, and a broadening of life to whoever goes up into the mountain, and is of a receptive mind. If there is a dual nature — a conflict of good and evil — a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde in every person, Dr. Jeckyl will surely prevail, while with bared and reverent head the silent witness absorbs the panorama disclosed to his wondering gaze.

"For still may we, even as the Indian did,
Clasp palm to Nature's palm, and pressure close
Deal with the Infinite."







MOUNT GILEAD.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's fostering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

—BEATTIE.

PARADOXICAL as the statement sounds, it is true that the views from any of the outlooks of Mount Gilead, a hill of less than three hundred feet, are grander and more comprehensive than can be seen from the summits of Vermont mountains that tower towards the sky three thousand feet. The explanation is easy. When the toilsome ascent of the Green Mountain is made, and its highest altitude is found, the traveler is simply in the woods.

Our trident-crowned hill is a granite obelisk from which, on the east, if the earth were flat and a telescope of sufficient power were constructed, the Rock of Gibraltar could be seen. To the west nothing obstructs the view till Wachusett throws its shadow against the ethereal dome. Ten years ago this central spot of our woods was utterly unknown, save to the wood-chopper, the gunner, or a stray naturalist. Glen Lewis was undiscovered, and Walden Pond existed only as prophetic idea in the brain of Edwin Walden.

In Mr. Newhall's *Annals of Lynn*, under date 1881,

appears the first public reference to the place, which is here reproduced as a matter of history, and to show in a striking manner what changes ten years have wrought within our northern borders :

“On Wednesday, September 21, ‘The Exploring Circle,’ a voluntary association of ladies and gentlemen of culture, held a ‘Camp Day’ on a romantic elevation perhaps a mile northward from Dungeon Rock, and as was calculated about the center of Lynn Woods. They had previously held similar meetings in the forest, and consecrated and given appropriate names to some of the other hills which still remain unknown to most of our people, but which would richly repay the visits of every lover of the wild and weird, the romantic and lovely in Nature. The occasion under notice was the consecration of ‘Mount Gilead,’ one of the most interesting spots within our borders, and from which the view, though chiefly of forest, is grand in the extreme. The services were highly pleasing, music, both vocal and instrumental, lending its charms to the picturesque ceremonials. There were also brief addresses, and the substantial addition of a picnic entertainment. The day was very pleasant, and several noted individuals from abroad were present. The ‘Circle’ entertains the laudable hope of initiating such measures as will prevent the entire destruction of our noble forests by the relentless woodsman’s onward march, and perhaps ultimately secure a suitable tract for a public park.”

Then William Basset built a little camp upon the ideal spot of the whole territory for such a purpose. It is in the midst of an oak grove, which nestles in a nook, midway between the three salient points of the hilltop. Sheltered from the sun’s rays by the trees, protected from the blasts of the chill north and east winds by the rock barriers, the

westward opens upon a charming long-distance landscape over the Middlesex Fells. Still only the few knew of the existence of this slightly eminence.

In 1889, a marvelous change was wrought in the great valley of the north. The tangled maze of golden rods and asters in Blood's Swamp disappeared by magic more masterful than that of the fabled lamp and ring of Aladdin. The brook, with its rustic bridge, beyond which was Glen Lewis, only of late known to woodland rovers, also vanished. Mr. Bishop came with his science, an army of men and horses, and made a reality of Mr. Walden's vision. Two walls spanned the valley. Two ponds of sparkling water appeared in place of the vanished scenes. Around these ponds a solid driveway, with snake-like undulations, glided. The only fault we can find with the modern genii—the engineers—is that neither their instruments nor their books have any beauty lines. Their orders are, "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will." They leave scarred rocks, but no trees.

This transformation scene exposed the woods to many dangers; it also opened up their varied charms to a multitude who had spent their lives hereabouts, and had heretofore paced serenely in the stereotyped ways. It became apparent that the ponds and the woods might attract worse tenants than the wolves and wildcats that lurked in the shades in the olden time. It became a case of the greatest good of the greatest number; so, at the risk of offending the sensibilities of the naturalists, who had longed for the perfect seclusion of the woods, a modern highway sprang to the summit of Mount Gilead. It was so constructed that the scars made in its progress will soon be obliterated and the driveway appear almost as natural as the old mossy lane.

Gentle reader, if you are tired of the mad rush and discordant sounds of urban life, walk with us of an early summer evening up the Great Woods Road, where the tree-tops make a living arch of green, listen to the whip-poor-wills warbling their nightly chants, stand upon the southern crest of Gilead, look up to the flawless dome, star-bespangled, absorb as much of exhilaration as the senses will contain, then retire for a little rest in yonder camp. Silence profound reigns, the darkness that precedes the dawn comes on. Hark! 't is not the prudent chairman's alarm clock that awakens from slumber, it is the glad voices of song birds, who seem to rival in number the stars of the heavens. Their eyes have caught the first signs of the new day. Go out on the northern outlook, the mists of the night are below us, they wrap the town and the woodland, they are under our feet. Look yonder, it is only four o'clock in the morning. Yet the daily miracle that puts away the darkness has already begun. Look steadfastly at Mount Spickett for a few moments. The glorious orb floats into full view. The voices of the birds are hushed. The new day is born. Walk back by the boulder path through the Dungeon Vale, drink at the cool spring in the horse pasture, and with tired feet but alert brain and vigorous appetite you may be at home before the sleepy townsmen have ceased rubbing their eyes. Come again to the mountain, go out to the western outlook, of which Officer Hunt claims to be the discoverer, and which he certainly has made accessible.

Looking south, a picture is revealed of surpassing loveliness. In the foreground is the Point of Pines, where the shining beach comes down to meet our river of Saugus; beyond it lies Boston Bay, with its hundred islands. This

bay and harbor, with the possible exception of Venice, has no rival in the world as an animated pleasure waterway. More than one quarter of all the registered yachts of the entire Atlantic, Pacific and lake coasts have their home berths in the waters of this bay. The whole number of masted pleasure craft sailing the harbor is at least seven hundred.

When sated with ocean and white wings turn to the west; over the massed green of the forest are Malden, Melrose, Wakefield, Reading, Andover, and many another fair town. Over and beyond them are seen the dusky shapes of a seeming circle of mountain peaks. The prominent ones, beginning at the west and running around to the north, are Wachusett, Watatic, Monadnock, Pack Monadnock, Temple Mountains, Joe English, Twin Uncanoonucs. When the observatory of the future stands upon Gilead, the horizon line will be a complete circle. It is now broken by the greater height of Burrill Hill. Lynn will then come into the view, as well as Marblehead and Cape Ann.

Gilead is a wonderful kaleidoscope. Its symmetrical pictures and beautiful colors are as endless as the hours that glide on forever. Study it when the September moon is in the zenith. Look first where the setting sun in a golden cloud gilds the spires of Wakefield. Then, heedless of time, watch night come on over the hills and valleys. The cloud has gone with the sun. It is a full moon and a cloudless sky. The heavy mist of the harvest month steals silently over the valleys and the lesser heights.

To the southwest lies a hill known as The Island. It is an elevation, surrounded by Tomlins' Swamp, rarely visited, impenetrable by reason of dense and matted vegetation. It

requires such a night as this to comprehend fully how appropriate is the ancient title, *The Island*. The mist comes in every whit like the rising tides of the Bay of Fundy, or like a new deluge. The city with its lights has long since sunk. Reservoir Hill and Cedar Hill are in the distance, just above the engulfing waves. Nearer and nearer comes the dull sealike vapor. It completely surrounds the Island. Still silent it creeps on till it hides the highest tree tops. The Island is submerged. The lapping waves are coming up the sides of Gilead itself. The tide-like appearance is so perfect that the absorbed gazer seems to feel the encroaching waters drawing him into their fatal embrace. The only way to dispel the illusion is to retreat from the rock and look up at fair Luna and gleaming Jupiter through the Sacred Oaks.

Turn the kaleidoscope once more and the sun, which now appears over Burrill Hill, instead of Spickett, together with the doctor's fragrant coffee, and eggs, and toast, and baked potatoes, relegate the scenes of the night to memory's storehouse, and the earth is very real again.

Nature, like a child, has its moods. Laughter is often followed by sudden tears. Who knows why?

The days are not all clear even on Gilead. There are times when clouds gather, the bay is hid, the mountains recede, the green waves of the forest are turned to an inky blackness. One by one distant objects fade away till naught remains save the rock at our feet, and the enwrapping folds of the dense rain cloud. Then the wise man will seek shelter, and when the downpour has ceased we'll drink it in bumpers to the memory of the fathers who bequeathed to us this fair heritage.

The driveway that winds up the eastern slope of Gilead has its objective point upon the southern outlook. The visitor may at this point, make an abrupt and startling change in his method of locomotion. He may plunge down the alpine pass that picks its way along the tremendous mass of granite walls that makes the western face grand and imposing.

Not suspended in the air like Mahomet's coffin, but high upon the cliff side, midway between the brow of the mountain and the ravine, there is a grouping in stone that is a much more natural altar, altar steps, seats and overhanging canopy, than Mr. Lewis found in the Pulpit Rock at Nahant.

"The groves were God's first temples."

Here is the grove and the cromlech, and in the Druidical age mystic rites and sacrifices may have been witnessed on this spot.

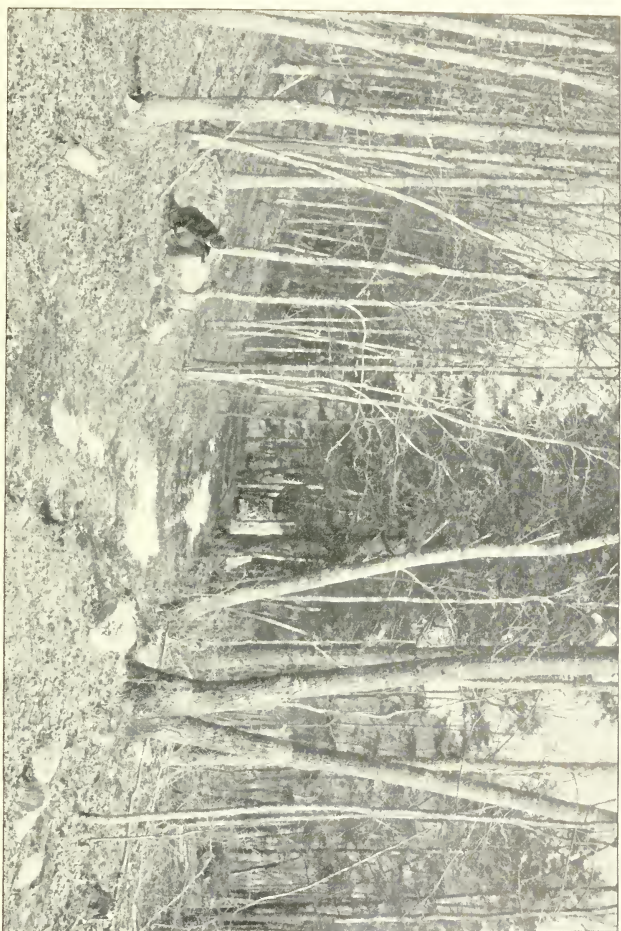
THE GLEN.

To the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature, we owe the great charm of her uncloying beauty. Look at her primitive woods, scattered trees, with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots.—WHITTIER.

THERE are many other glens in the woods, but this place, sometimes called Penny Brook Glen or the old man's walk, is the Glen. Of all restful spots, this is chief. It is a secluded and narrow valley, between hills covered with old trees, through which, on its bed of black rocks covered with emerald moss and hoary lichens, flows the babbling Penny Brook, soon to lose itself in Walden Pond. Whoever stands upon these crossing stones or rests upon those at the base of the high pines and hemlocks that make a perpetual shade, may read the story of the old man's walk in the appreciative words of Cyrus M. Tracy.

The recent death of Mr. Tracy suggests the propriety of inserting it here, as much of it, especially the first thoughts, apply so well to the author.

“It is not fitting that our ideas of respect for the dead should be ill-chosen or marked by any excess either way. To limit all our praises to the departed who have happened to die wealthy, would be to depress all our respect to a mere gold worship; to see no virtue in any but popular favorites, often rude and mean as they are, is to burn incense to ignorance, and make an idol of vice. Humble life, however,



THE OLD MAN'S WALK.

often furnishes the finest themes for commendation, and so it happens in the present instance.

“Ebenezer Hawkes was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, whose worthy connection he never abandoned nor dishonored. He belonged to that ancient family who derived their origin from the patriarchal Adam Hawkes, and who, established on the lands of their ancestors, have so long given the very name to the northern ward of the town of Saugus. Of his early history, we can only meagerly speak; but at some period in his early manhood, he suffered an injury from sunstroke, or something of that nature, from the effects of which he never recovered. So sensitive did he always remain to the rays of the sun, that he could not bear the least beam upon his head, and he was therefore never seen abroad without an umbrella. Indeed, no kind of heat that would fall upon his brain could be endured; though the warmth of a kitchen hearth-fire was said sometimes to prove grateful. Nearly always, therefore, he was compelled to be out of doors, and here his natural tastes conducted him to an asylum of inexhaustible pleasures.

“The great forest of Lynn Woods lay near his home, and amidst its thick and fragrant shades he soon learned to immerse himself. Twice every day, in all weather, save the veriest tempests, did he, in his later days at least, flee from the house and betake him to his accustomed paths and hills. Here he became a keen observer, with eye and ear ever alert, and a heart whose mild and quiet impulses were always ready of response to the thousand delightful ways in which Nature ever challenged his attention. It cannot, perhaps, be said that he became at all a man of science; but he gave abundant evidence of being thoroughly schooled as a pupil of Nature. Probably there is not a living creature, save some kinds of insects, now inhabiting this great forest, with whose habits he had not made himself more or less familiar. He often spoke of having observed, dead or living, every wild animal that he had ever heard of as belonging to this

section, and some that may be called very rare. Yet he was no collector. No shot from him ever brought down the innocent wood-bird; he would probably have recoiled from a gun as from a serpent. But he penetrated every nook and by-path. His stepping-stones may be found leading over every brook; his rustic seats are seen under trees and shady spots innumerable.

“Often the sportsman or botanist, striking into some path seemingly all abandoned and forgotten, would almost start at the figure of this venerable son of Nature, pensively meditating over a little brook, or listening with almost inspired look to the sound of the wind in the tree-tops. Yet neither was he a dreamer nor an empty enthusiast. He took good note of men and things; he knew the traditions of boundaries and ownership, and could conduct one to a given property with the certainty of a guide-book.

“It was a matter of admiration, the way in which he was wont to appear when least expected. It might perhaps be said that he could not be followed; he would disappear like a partridge, and leave no sign; or again, come upon your path like something risen from the ground. Still, he inspired no terror, not even to a child. Grave and sober he certainly was, but never unsocial, and so neat and pleasant in his habits that nobody that once knew him could meet one more entertaining.

“Such a life is worth living. He was not indigent; but being prudent and frugal in all his ways, a little, well tended, was enough for him. A faithful disciple, according to his belief, he walked alone indeed, as to men, but who shall say not with the daily companionship of God in His supreme beauty, and of all good spirits that may minister to the devoted and sincere? A short, though it is said, painful illness closed the scene, and led him forth to the full enjoyment, we will hope, of all that beauty of goodness that he had followed so long, as glimpses of sunshine through drifting clouds.

“Friend of the gentle heart,
I miss thy foot along the woodland way:
Thy voice, as quiet as a time in May
 When green buds swell and start,
Salutes me not, as in the silent glen
I look to find thee walking, far from thoughtless men.

“How oft, beside thy path,
Hast thou the timid hare found stark and cold,
The stricken fox, his cunning days all told,
 The wood-bird in its death:
And thou has said, ‘I, too, one day, shall cease
To draw this well-worn breath, and pass away like these.’

“Yet not as these. The man
Who lives, and loves his Maker and his kin,
And by that name, takes all God’s creatures in,
 And thanks God that he can,
Lies down upon his Father’s bosom warm,
And dies, not as the brute, unpitied in the storm.

“And thou, O gentle friend!
Full of the spirit of kindness for all things,
From butterflies with sunset colored wings,
 To men that comprehend,—
Be ours the comfort, now that thou art gone,
To think, soft hands upheld thee, and dimmed eyes looked on.

“Ay, to the last looked on:
Looked till the shadow fell: until they said,
‘There is not found, now that this clay is dead,
 One hand to throw a stone
Against his name, from Nebo to the strand;
Nay, not an evil word like to a grain of sand.’

“O worthy soul! I seem,
Walking beneath the cliff, to hear the mourn
Of the wood-thrush that misses thee: the horn
 Of bees that drone, and dream,
And wake and search for thee again: the brook
That waits, and cannot dry, till thou art come to look.

“The wind among the pines
Is come, and whispers thou indeed art dead;
The squirrel tells it to her brood o’erhead,
 The marmot in her mines.
Even the wood-brakes rustling in the breeze,
Seem voicing thoughts of one whom once they sought to please.

“For thou didst prize them all.
(And he who thus holds Nature, cannot hate,
Not even the faults he may not imitate;
God pardon us, great and small!)
And all this Nature, where thy love was sown
Now bears thee love again, a hundred fold for one.

“Yet fare-thee-well for this.
Life's farther door opes to a broader state,
Where all the good eternally are great,
Eternally at peace.
And thy true soul, through skies or woodlands now,
May walk with life immortal bound upon its brow!”

August 10, 1884.

Only a fragment of the primeval forest, as it existed in the Glen a few years since, remains. The mercenary greed of man sent into its sacred recesses the modern Goths and Vandals—the ax-men of the brickyards. What they destroyed in a few days, generations cannot restore. Even this wanton waste of beauty wrought good, for every blow of the ax gathered the loyal men of Lynn to the rescue. The spoiler was bought off. Here in the heart of the old woods the last onslaught of legal tree-killers was foiled. Philip A. Chase led the citizens in the last great charge for the defence of the forest. Like the books of the Cumæan Sibyl, what was left was of more value than all in the beginning, for public sentiment was so aroused and crystalized, that the whole of the woodlands were rescued from private control. Henceforth he who cuts a tree in the wide domain is a marauder and a vulgar thief. By and by, after a generation or two, copsewood will cover the scars and the stumps that mark the havoc of the woodchopper. Our successors will wisely care for the survival of the fittest, and for our children's children its crown of noble trees shall be restored to the whole Glen.



PENNY BROOK.

Enough remains, however, to us to think that the poet Whittier must have had these elysian shades in his mind when he wrote the lines at the head of this sketch. Search New England from the Aroostook to the Connecticut, and no spot will be found that will so vividly call up that scene of our greatest story-teller of our own stock, where little Pearl plays upon the banks of the brook, while Hester Prynne and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, reclining in the shades, vainly strive to break the meshes of the net of doom, which fate and old Roger Chillingworth have woven about their lives. Innocent Pearl found the ray of sunshine that penetrated the dense foliage; her mother, weighed down with the burden of the fatal scarlet letter, saw a gleam of hope; and Arthur Dimmesdale had the torch of life rekindled within his wasted frame. Even as these oppressed souls found relief, so shall other men and women, wearied of the vanities of the world, here cast them off, touch the healing hand of mother earth, and Antæus-like rise rested and invigorated.

Distant views suggest association with the gregarious multitude. The Glen means repose, introspection. Its seclusion would have tempted that student of Nature, Thoreau, away from that other Walden Pond, which he made famous, had he lived till now.

This is a veritable bit of the solemn old forests, which in the early days were, in the tense imaginations of the fathers, the midnight meeting places of the forces of evil. Hither Satan's emissaries beguiled the unwary. To the Puritans, reared in the fen counties of England, these dark woods were peopled with mysterious phantoms; even their silence was oppressive. Before the invasion of the pale-faces, this

mossy path by the brook side was pressed by the moccasined feet of the taciturn red man, as he swiftly sped on his way from his hunting-ground by Lake Quannapowit to the wigwam of his Sagamore upon the hill by the great water. This ancient Indian trail is indeed the shortest way from Lynn to the headwaters of Saugus River. It winds along near the brook till it crosses Penny Bridge, skirts the western bounds of Tomlins' Swamp, part of the way on a corduroy road, through what is now Park Avenue, to Walnut Street. It is not only the shortest, but it is the easiest course. It is almost a dead level to North Saugus, and why it did not become a highway in the planting days to "our neighbors, the farmers" would be a mystery if we did not know that in the early times homesteads were located on the hills, whereby it became necessary to carry the roads over the hills instead of around them.

The largest tree in Lynn Woods may be seen here. It is a white pine west of the brook and just over the Saugus line. That sounds like an Hibernicism, but the imaginary line that runs between the two municipalities does not make two woods, and the time is not far away when Saugus and Lynn will once more be one as they always should have been.





BREED'S POND.

PONDS.

MR. LEWIS, in the introduction to the *History of Lynn*, enumerates the ponds of Lynn. He did not name one of the ponds, which in the future will be intimately connected with and a part of the history of the Lynn Woods. There was a very good reason for the omission, however, for neither Breed's, nor Birch, Glen Lewis nor Walden Ponds, were in existence when he wrote that charming book. Mr. Lewis, indeed, knew but little of the woods. Nahant and the seaside were his favorite spots. That in his blood there lurked the old Puritan dread of the woods, his lines reveal :—

O, bury me not in the dark old woods,
Where the sunbeams never shine;
Where mingles the mist of the mountain floods,
With the dew of the dismal pine!
But bury me deep by the bright blue sea,
I have loved in life so well;
Where the winds may come to my spirit free,
And the sound of the ocean shell.

Long before Mr. Lewis ceased to write, Breed's Pond nestled among the hills, the most picturesque of all the ponds of Lynn, natural or artificial, had been utilized. It was in 1843 that Theophilus N. Breed imprisoned the waters that ran down with noisy gladness under the Lantern from the Dungeon Hills, from Dog Hill, and Bennet's Swamp,

and where the united streams crossed the colonial highway at Oak Street, in a gorge between the hills, a dam was built. Mr. Breed here established a factory for making shoemakers' tools or kit. The pond in its name recognizes one of Lynn's oldest families, and in its first use reminds us of an almost lost art, that of making shoes by hand.

With the varying fortunes of the proprietors of this pond we meddle not, till 1870; during Mr. Walden's mayoralty, Breed's Pond, with its rights and easements, became forever the property of the city, as the first of its basins for supplying it with pure water for domestic and all other purposes.

It is said that distance lends enchantment to the view. It is truer to say that the inspired pens of a country's seers and poets make the many see through the eyes of the few. A little group of poets have made the lake region of England holy land for the people of the English tongue. The Irishman sings in every land the praises of the Lakes of Killarney. With flaming torch Walter Scott has illuminated the lochs, and the moors, and the mountain passes of bonnie Scotland. Give us like power of the imagination and expression, and Breed's Pond would rival Loch Katrine. Let the huntsman's horn reverberate its clarion notes from noble Lantern Rock over its clear waters, and Ellen Douglas or Rhoderick Dhu might pull out from the shadow of yonder wooded island.

The little island in this pond has an historical interest, for upon it are yet to be seen wolf pits dug by the planters in the infancy of the settlement. They are not far from the site of the home of Richard Sadler, first Clerk of the Writs. On the 13th of September, 1631, Governor Winthrop records in his journal: "The wolves killed some swine at Saugus."

On the 9th of November, the court ordered that if any one killed a wolf he should have one penny for each cow and horse, and one farthing for each sheep and swine in the plantation. Mr. Lewis says: "Many pits were dug in the woods to entrap them, and some of them are yet to be seen." Perchance these very pits were dug by the clerkly Mr Sadler himself.

In 1872, the people of Lynn being still thirsty, the Water Board went up Walnut Street to the west, and, by intercepting the stream when it was about to cross the road, changed a brook into a pond, under the same name Birch. The name is commonplace enough, and the purpose was strictly a business one, but out of it grew, unwittingly to the authorities, a tarn as fair as traveled eyes ever looked upon. It lies upon the western bounds of our woods, Cedar Hill and bold, bare-headed Mt. Tabor stand to the east, while its waters bathe the feet of Choose Hill on the west. Its shape is as arrowy as any loch that old Scotia can boast. A view down the pond is a revelation that awes an artist.

About the shores of Birch Pond occurred many of the stirring scenes of Lynn's early history. Near by, on the south toward Vinegar Hill, was built, in 1642, a garrison house for protection against the red Indians, who skulked in the forest shadows. Of it, Mr. Lewis writes:

"A great alarm was occasioned through the colony by a report that the Indians intended to exterminate the English. The people were ordered to keep a watch from sunset to sunrise, and blacksmiths were directed to suspend all other business till the arms of the colony were repaired. A house was built for the soldiers, and another, about forty feet long, for a safe retreat for the women and children of the Town

in case of an attack from the Indians. These houses were within the limits of Saugus, about eighty rods from the eastern boundary, and about the same distance south of Walnut Street. The cellars of both these buildings remain, and near them, on the east, is a fine unfailing spring."

Choose Hill and its abandoned road, traveled by the farmers of Lynnfield two centuries ago in their pious way to and from the old meeting-house in Lynn, is well worth the attention of the student of the earlier days. The road itself, with its rude walls, gutters, culverts, and ancient apple trees, struggling with the native growth of the forest for possession, is one of the most striking evidences of our being old enough to have had a history. In the roadway are decaying stumps of giant pines, that must have been cut down fifty years ago. Before they were cut the trees must have been growing a hundred years in the disused road.

The name is a reminder of a controversy, which was the beginning of the end of the old town of Lynn — the first step which led up in later years to the creation, first of the town of Lynnfield, and second of the town of Saugus. For fifty years all the people had worshipped as one parish. The hardship of the long miles from Lynnfield to Lynn, bore upon the outdwellers. A committee, representing the three sections, which we know as Lynn, Saugus and Lynnfield, attempted to *choose* a site for the meeting-house which should be reasonably convenient for all. They selected this now wooded hill as about equally distant from each locality. Lynn objected. Lynnfield was set off as a parish or district, November 17, 1712, and its inhabitants were to be freed from parish taxes as soon as a meeting-house should be built and a minister settled. This was accomplished in

1715, and the second parish of Lynn was duly organized. Saugus later, in 1738, became the third or west parish.

The natural result was that later the two parishes became towns; Lynnfield in 1814, and Saugus in 1815. All these things happened because the people of the low lands of Lynn would not go up to this hill country of Saugus to listen to the preaching of the gospel according to Puritanism. The name "Choose" or "Chosen" has remained.

In those days there were several houses upon this hill. The last of the old places disappeared in the opening years of the present century. It stood upon the eastern declivity of the hill, not far from where the house of Harrison Wilson is now situated. Its eastern outlook was down the valley, which is now filled with the sparkling waters of Birch Pond. Its owner was John Knights, who was a gardener in the service of Landlord Jacob Newhall, of the Anchor Tavern. Mr. B. F. Newhall, the grandson of Landlord Newhall, in his interesting sketches of Saugus, written thirty years ago, says that the old house was standing within his remembrance. Mr. Newhall had lived to see the extinction of the Knights family, and to see the once rural and happy home lapse into the wilderness.

It is hard for the casual observer to realize that these oak-covered hillsides once were dotted with the abodes of men. It must be remembered that in the early days of the settlement, the iron works was the center of the life of the town. And even after that ceased operations, its water privilege — the best in Lynn — was utilized for grist mills and fulling mills down to the present day, when it is used by the woolen mills of Pranker and Scott.

The early settlers came out of the fen counties of

England. They were tired of flat lands. They passed by the low plains of Lynn and built upon slightly hills. Later the gregarious habits, sedentary pursuits, such as shoemaking, the difficulty of reaping adequate returns from hard soil, and the abandonment of the iron works, gradually depopulated this territory. Here Nicholas Browne, a prominent settler, located, and here in later years lived Captain Caleb Downing, when he gave his name to the road which the people still cling to in spite of its municipal title of Walnut Street.

The land where the house was erected is now held by the City of Lynn, as a protection to the water shed of its fair Birch Pond. Little did the pioneer, Browne, dream when he hewed down the virgin forest for a clearing about his house, that two and a half centuries later the uses of the land would have so strangely changed, that a city should be planting upon the very spot a grove of white pines.

Birch Pond dam was raised in 1885, but the expanding city still cried for more water. The makeshift experiment of bringing down the waters of Hawkes and Penny Brooks from North Saugus in an open canal, was tried. Then the sober second thought of the Water Board of 1888 wisely reverted to Mr. Walden's original plan, outlined in the first annual report of the Public Water Board sixteen years before. The result was the construction, in 1889, of the storage basins, which constituted Walden and Glen Lewis Ponds. Mr. George H. Bishop, the engineer who directed the great work, was the same man upon whose advice Mr. Walden acted in making his first recommendation.

In passing, it may be said in the words of David H. Sweetser, Chairman of the Water Board of 1888, "This is a practical completion of the plan of water supply, as first





WALDEN POND.

presented and outlined by the Water Board in its first annual report. Its final acceptance after years of controversy and experience, is the best commentary on the correctness of their views."

Edwin Walden rendered conspicuous public service in state and municipal affairs. He devoted more thought and more time to the development of Lynn's water supply than to any other pursuit. He became President of the Public Water Board at its organization in 1871. He resigned in 1884, when the sources he had always earnestly advocated had been adopted. The construction of these basins by universal approval was a satisfactory sequel to his life's labors. With like consent and with singular good taste, the most important of our ponds will bear forever his name. He would have asked no better monument. He could have no more enduring memorial.

Where now flow the waters of Walden Pond, there was anciently a solitary homestead. It was called The Danforth Place, by reason of its last occupant being a man of that name, who had married a woman of the Sweetser family, in whom was the title. The house was many years ago removed to Cliftondale, and the farm lapsed into the forest. At the time the city began its operations, the great meadows were unoccupied save by a series of dams, which Mr. Samuel Hawkes used to store water for the purpose of shielding his bright cranberry beds from the early frost.

The larger part of Walden Pond is in Saugus, and a small portion in Lynnfield. It runs up to the great northwest bound, where the three places, Lynn, Saugus and Lynnfield touch. The eastern end is in Lynn, where it extends to the now sunk but once fair Glen Lewis,

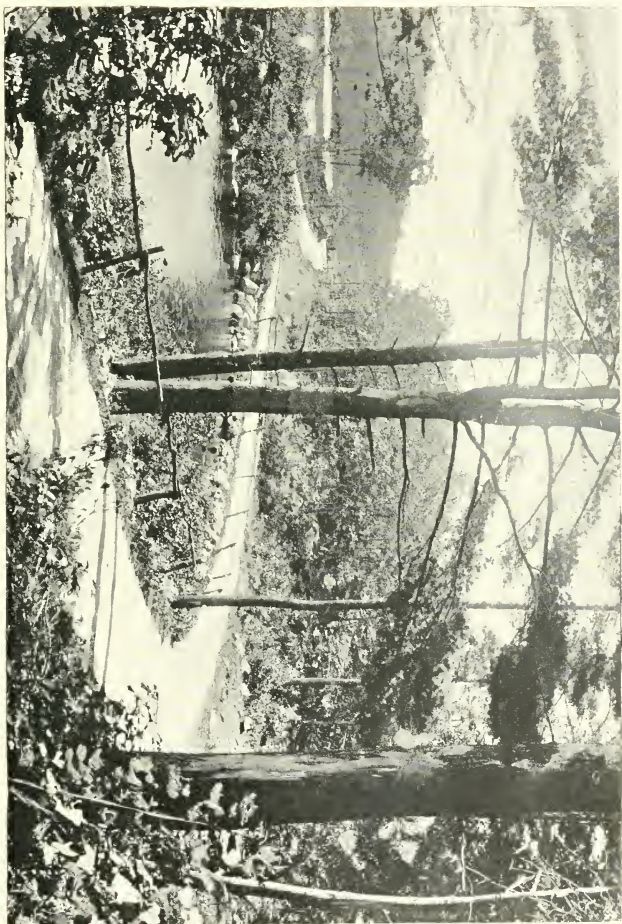
The Forest Society, May 30, 1882, dedicated a secluded but singularly beautiful spot in the then far-off wilderness, in memory of Lynn's first historian. The brook in the midst of the Glen was spanned by a log bridge; in the background towered the great boulders, which now buttress the pond that has usurped the Glen. Alonzo Lewis' best monument is the history of his native town. Books are the only immortal creations of the human intellect, or in the language of William Hazlitt, "Words are the only things that last forever." The poet Montgomery expresses the same idea in his *Retrospect of Literature*: "Looking abroad over the whole world, after a lapse of nearly six thousand years, what have we of the past but the words in which its history is recorded? What, besides a few mouldering and brittle ruins, which time is imperceptibly touching down into dust, what, besides these, remains of the glory, the grandeur, the intelligence, the supremacy of the Grecian republics, or the empire of Rome? Nothing but the words of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators, who, being dead, yet speak, and in their immortal works still maintain their dominion over inferior minds through all posterity."

It is well, however, for the people of Lynn to show their appreciation of the labors of Mr. Lewis, by baptizing our northern lake by the name of Glen Lewis Pond.

High upon the hills, north of the Ox Pasture, lies a little gem of the woods, the dividing point whence the waters that flow west into Hawkes' Brook, and southerly into the Flax Pond system, divide. This is Nell's Pond.

At the eastern gateway of the forest is Sluice Pond, and towards the city the roadway borders upon the Flax Pond of the colonial days.

ROAD BY GLEN LEWIS POND.





OX PASTURE WATCH TOWER.

"You should have seen that long hill range,
With gaps of brightness riven —
Flow through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven."

—WHITTIER.

THE SCOPE of this work did not include anything in the Ox Pasture, but as it goes to press, the Watch Tower of the far wilderness has passed from private ownership into our reservation. Ten acres of granite precipice, including the spring of sweet water at its base, worth more for the purpose of rural resort than all the rest of the Ox Pasture, has been added to the heritage of the future people of Lynn, so that it may not be inappropriate to give a few lines to the last acquisition.

By the few who have known it by tradition or ownership, it has been called indifferently Tophet or Raccoon Ledge. Each name is significant of a thought in the minds of the early settlers:

"The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell."

The Puritan poet, John Milton, little thought when he wrote these lines that his fellow worshippers in the American wilderness would apply the name Tophet to an outlook that is, perhaps, more seductive, more permanent in memory's picture gallery than any other in Lynn Woods.

The Puritan yeoman read his Bible as often and as devoutly as any race ever did. He did not come to this bold Ossa on Pelion piled with ears attuned to the melancholy ditty of the yellow hammer, nor eyes watching for the billowy sea of swaying tree-tops. His imagination did not indulge in the fancy that this was a granite capstan around which the monarchs of the forest were tugging, or as an anchor which held them securely in their moorings, while Boreas howled in sleety gales.

As he felled the trees and framed the timber in Meeting-House Swamp, for the Old Tunnel Meeting-House, he looked up to this almost unscalable granite bulk and thought that it was an awful place for his wood lot to be laid out; hence, with pious profanity, he called it not Hell, but Tophet Ledge.

I desire at this point to interject a personal or family explanation. When I wrote the above, regarding the name Tophet Ledge, I did not have at hand the original layout of these lots, and was wholly unaware that the first owner in severalty of the outlook was one of my ancestors, Ebenezer Hawkes, the first of that name. It was allotted to him in the division of the common lands in 1706. I hasten to explain that I believe the name was not applied by my land-loving ancestor, but that it had attached long before the division. Therefore my family are not at fault for such a wicked name.

Musing upon this rock suggests a study of the law of heredity here illustrated. This Ebenezer was the youngest grandson of the first comer of the Hawkes family. He, living upon the western border of this great forest, had a passion for land, and many pages of the early books of



NEAR OX PASTURE.

records at Salem are covered by conveyances of these woodlands to him. In each generation of the family since there has been at least one individual of like characteristics.

So it came to pass that when our Water Board sought title to the land in and about the water basins, one of his descendants was found to have more knowledge of titles and boundaries, and to possess more acres, than any other person.

The fascination which the woods had for another of his descendants of the same Christian name, is given elsewhere in the words of Mr. Tracy. He probably could not have analyzed the motives which drew him to the haunts of Nature. It was, however, an inheritance from his ancestor, who had been impressed with the restfulness of the unbroken wilderness; or, perhaps, the sternness of the Puritan faith was given a more somber tinge from the immensity of the solitude all about him.

When individual ownership became inexpedient and the ancient communal use was restored, the same law of heredity compelled another descendant to continue to walk the old ways as a Park Commissioner.

Two ranges to the north, in the valley, the prospector knew there were wolves, and there he constructed those oblong traps, covered with a slight net-work of pine boughs and baited with savory temptation, for the hated marauder.

He found here another unknown beast, more of a climber than the wolf. He discovered that this first occupant and observer of Nature was a raccoon, *procyon lotor*, so he styled the place anew as Raccoon Ledge.

Both of these names meant something when applied to the hill, which is more than can be said of the name, which, of late, some people have attempted to attach—Mount

Sanborn — after a worthy pedagogue, who used to flog boys in Gravesend.

Right here it may be well to say that it seems a misnomer to call our summits mountains. It adds nothing to their height, their beauty, or their impressiveness. They are the hills of Lynn.

This noble peak, which Mr. Rowell's map shows to be two hundred and fifty feet high, now that it has passed into the hands of the city, will in due time receive an appropriate designation.

The best point of observation for those who visit the woods by carriage is from Echo Rock, from whence it may be seen northwesterly over Glen Lewis Pond. Look upon

"Yon hill's red crown,
Of old the Indian trod,
And, through the sunset air, looked down
Upon the smile of God."

Clinging to its gritty rock is a rude cabin, which some adventurous explorers have erected with much toil and pleasure.

The title to this land has always been held by the families of the first settlers. The first has been named. The last was the Ingalls family.¹

The view from this summit is peculiarly restful. A slit of East Lynn appears through the hills that bound the Blood's Swamp valley on the left. An exquisite bit of rural landscape is seen, looking down southwest upon North Saugus and Oaklandvale. In the broad foreground are

¹ It is a pleasure to record in this connection, that Charles Sidney Ingalls, of this historic family, has made a gift to the city, of five acres of land, lying between Hermon and Spickett, near a third outlook, that may appropriately be called Ingalls' Hill.

Burrill and Gilead. Forty miles away to the west is Wachusett. In a clear day bright eyes may plainly see the outlines of the house upon the summit. To the north, the New Hampshire mountains in endless procession and varying aspects appear and disappear as clouds and sunshine, darkness and light follow each other, even as they do on Gilead.

From this point of vantage, on which the ancient herdsman listened for the tinkling bell of straying cattle, the gorgeous New England autumnal tints give to whomever wills,

“Nature’s own exceeding peace.”

Happy, indeed, should be the people of Lynn between the blue Atlantic and these sightly hills, who can sing with our beloved poet :

“I know each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine!”







APPENDIX.

PUBLIC FOREST TRUST.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. William P. Sargent, its Secretary, "The Records of the Trustees of the Free Public Forest of Lynn" have been at my disposal. From this interesting manuscript, I have taken much of historical interest, from its opening pages, which set forth the organization under the deed of trust, to the final action transferring the land acquired by the Trustees to the Park Commission for the city.

That which is given is mainly a transcript from the Book of Records.

Indenture adopted for the purpose of constituting the Free Public Forest of Lynn.

This Indenture, made this sixth day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, by and between George E. Emery, Edward Johnson, Jr., Benjamin Proctor, Cyrus M. Tracy, Samuel A. Guilford and William P. Sargent, all of the City of Lynn, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with Wilbur F. Newhall, of Saugus, in said County, as party of the first part: —

And the inhabitants of said City of Lynn as represented by Henry B. Lovering, Mayor of said City, as party of the second part: —

Witnesseth,—That the said party of the first part in consideration of the premises, and of one dollar to them paid by the party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby jointly and severally, covenant and agree to and with said party of the second part, as follows, viz.:

First. That they, the said party of the first part, will, from and after the date hereof, accept and undertake the duty of Trustees of and for said party of the second part, for the purpose of preserving, improving and adorning the tract or territory known as the

FOREST OF LYNN,

to wit:—All that territory, and no more (or any practicable portion included within the same), lying partly in said Lynn and partly in the townships of Saugus and Lynnfield, respectively, and bounded northerly by the Newburyport Turnpike; easterly by the Lynnfield Road; southerly by the southern wall of the Dungeon Pasture, and westerly by the Downing Road, as said roads and places are now known and called.

Second. That they will, as Trustees as aforesaid, receive, take, manage and apply, for the purpose above indicated, any and all donations, devises, bequests and contributions made to them for such purposes, whether of land, money or other valuable consideration; and that they will faithfully use the same, within a due and sound discretion, according to the true intent and meaning of the giver or givers thereof, not applying the same, or the product thereof, to any unwholesome purposes of private gain and emolument, but always to the end that said tract, so far as intrusted to them, shall remain and be made a

FREE PUBLIC FOREST

for the benefit, enjoyment and advantage of said party of the second part, as well as of each and every donor and

benefactor thereunto, free and clear of all fees, tolls, duties or imposts of any kind for the lawful use of said premises forever.

Third. That they will faithfully and discreetly fill all vacancies occurring in their number, by death, resignation or removal, so that said number shall always include seven persons, power so to do being hereby expressly granted, reserved and assured to them. And that they will, as often as once in every year, prepare and publicly render in print or otherwise, a full report of their doings for the period expired.

And the said party of the second part, by the Mayor as aforesaid, hereby agree and covenant to and with the party of the first part, to receive, accept and duly observe the foregoing covenants and agreements, recognizing and acknowledging the same as lawful, expedient and satisfactory; and that all fit, reasonable and proper aid and assistance to said party of the first part, in the prosecution of said duty, shall be by said party of the second part always rendered and afforded.

And it is further mutually agreed by and between the parties hereto, that upon the commission, by said party of the first part, or any number thereof, of any act in violation of this agreement, by omission or excess of duty, or any malfeasance in office whatever, whereby any individual in his rightful interests, or the said party of the second part, at large considered, shall suffer wrong or injury susceptible of complaint and evidence, then it shall be lawful, and the right is hereby expressly confirmed, for any person so aggrieved, or for any actual donor under this agreement, or for the Mayor of the City of Lynn, then being in office, to make due complaint of such offence, to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, or to any other court of competent jurisdiction, and thereupon the party so offending shall be held in all points answerable, and subject to lawful decision in the case, anything in this agreement to the contrary notwithstanding.

In Testimony Whereof, The said George E. Emery, Edward Johnson, Jr., Benjamin Proctor, Cyrus M. Tracy, Samuel A. Guilford, William P. Sargent and Wilbur F. Newhall, have hereto set their hands and seals, as also to another instrument of like tenor and date herewith; and the said Henry B. Lovering, Mayor as aforesaid, being thereunto duly authorized by order of the City Council, has also subscribed both said instruments and thereunto caused the seal of said City of Lynn to be affixed, the day and year first above written.

Executed and delivered in presence of CHARLES E. PARSONS.	{	GEORGE E. EMERY [Seal]
		EDWARD JOHNSON, JR. [Seal]
		BENJAMIN PROCTOR [Seal]
		CYRUS M. TRACY [Seal]
		SAMUEL A. GUILFORD [Seal]
		WILLIAM P. SARGENT [Seal]
		WILBUR F. NEWHALL [Seal]

[Seal] HENRY B. LOVERING, *Mayor*.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Essex ss.:

December 9, 1881.

Then personally appeared the above named George E. Emery, Edward Johnson, Jr., Benjamin Proctor, Cyrus M. Tracy, Samuel A. Guilford, William P. Sargent, Wilbur F. Newhall and Henry B. Lovering, Mayor, and acknowledged the above as their several free act and deed.

Before me,

CHARLES E. PARSONS, *Justice of Peace*.

At a meeting of the Forest Trustees, held Jan. 12, 1882, a paper prepared by Cyrus M. Tracy, outlining the scheme, was adopted. It read as follows:

“The Trustees of the Free Public Forest of Lynn, being now fully organized and prepared for duty, desire to ask the attention of the people of Lynn to the following considerations. The execution of the Indenture of Trust, on the sixth day of December, 1881, was, no doubt, the first work ever really accomplished for providing the people of Lynn with an available place of rural comfort and recreation. By that instrument, seven well-known citizens voluntarily assumed the care and management of all such parts of Lynn as should be conveyed to them for that purpose, which lands should thus become forever dedicated to the free use of the inhabitants, as a public domain, never again to pass into private hands, or be diverted from its proper usefulness, as a wholesome retreat from the increasing crowd and turmoil of the enlarging city. To assure the public that the purpose of these Trustees was not private in any sense, nor tainted at all with the spirit of speculation, the Indentures were made with the Mayor of the City, as the only person who could suitably represent all the inhabitants, and whose official act in regard to them in such a matter as this, would hardly admit of a possible question. Yet, to make this perfectly sure, and that no charge of covert action should be possible, the Trustees first obtained open hearing before the Boards of the City Council, when every point and feature of the enterprise was offered to the investigation of all. Without such preliminary action, the Mayor would, of course, have hesitated to enter into the agreement; with it, he found himself advised to it by the unanimous action of the whole government. Nor was there any reason against such action. The City Government was not asked for funds, nor to pass laws or take outward measures of any kind for the support of the project. The Mayor was asked to join in the contract on behalf, not of the government, but the people; the Council was only requested to give him the necessary authority to do so. By his compliance, the measure was invested with the character of a great public

benevolence, and thus admissible, under the statutes, to become a perpetuity. And thus was secured the most important point of all; for if any plan for the preservation of a forest cannot be in its nature perpetual, it is at once liable to every kind of change and derangement, and simply remains a failure. Again, if the Board of Trustees, originally full, had been left to become depleted by vacancies, a speedy end would have been imminent. To provide no way of perpetuating the membership, would have sometimes left it in one or two men's power; while to invoke the election of successors by any exterior authority, would have removed the object directly from the confidence of the people. The succession was therefore repositied in the Trustees themselves, they filling their own vacancies, keeping their number complete, and that with persons of known sympathy with the object, thus making possible a steady, unbroken policy of good toward the forest and its welfare, for unreckoned years to come. With this arrangement, the first one ever devised, so far as is known, for the reinvestment of the people of Lynn, with their ancient, legitimate inheritance, the Trustees now present themselves to their fellow citizens, and ask not only to be accredited as friends of the public, but to be materially assisted for the furtherance of their work. They have not only land to buy, and a great deal of it, but they have also roads to make, paths to lay out, bridges to construct, and shelters to build. Every dry season for years, the fire has devastated the forest, killing every green thing before it. They must keep men in those times, hereafter, to hunt down and quench these fires in their small beginnings. The parts of which they really acquire the possession must be tended, replanted and improved. Liberal contributions will be wanted for all these things. The Trustees will come to you and urge you to act as benefactors to that which is, after all, only your own interest. For the Forest of Lynn will afford every citizen a class of opportunities, such as he cannot otherwise have

within a distance of many miles. If he wishes to drive out in the warm afternoon, its shady roadways will be open to him. If he prefers to camp out with his family for a time, away from the heat, its cool hillsides are full of the most attractive situations. If he would walk with his children, entertain his friends, commune with nature, study her pure science, or merely rest from the glare and hurry and dust of toil and labor, the forest offers its streams and its mountains, its lakes and its precipices, to attract, to interest him and recreate his wearied energies; and all within the sound of his own church bell, or an hour's walk of the public conveyance. This is, in brief, the petition of the Forest to you, an inhabitant of Lynn, and an heir to its advantages, begging you not to fail in the work of helping it and yourself at the same time."

In the Annual Report of the Trustees for 1882, they say: "By the kindness of Mr. Thos. P. Nichols, we were favored with fifteen hundred copies of these papers (i.e., the Indenture of Trust and Circular Statement) which formed the first benefaction from any one. The first contribution of money for our use was made Jan. 28, 1882, by Mr. B. V. French." The first donation of land appears to have been made by David H. Sweetser, Edwin Walden, Lyman B. Frazier and Aza A. Breed, as on the fifth of June, 1883, the secretary records a vote "That the offer of a donation of the 'Chadwell Lot' to the Public Forest, by David H. Sweetser and others, be gratefully accepted by this Board, and that the secretary communicate the thanks of the Board to the donors accordingly."

On the record of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, under date Feb. 28, 1884, is given a list of donors of money to date:

B. V. FRENCH,	DR. D. F. DREW,
W. G. S. KEENE,	IRA D. ROGERS,
B. F. SPINNEY,	C. O. BEEDE,
F. W. BREED,	DR. I. F. GALLOWPE,
C. S. SWEETSER & Co.,	PETER M. NEAL,
C. A. COFFIN,	C. A. TABER,
CHAS. B. TEBBETTS,	GEORGE O. TARBOX,
AMOS F. BREED,	ROSALVIN JONES,
PEVEAR & Co.,	MRS. C. S. BARNARD,
JOSEPH DAVIS,	SILSBEE & STEVENS,
H. A. PEVEAR,	NEHEMIAH LEE,
DAVID J. LORD,	ISAAC M. ATTWILL,
EUGENE BARRY,	PETER JOHNSON,
PATRICK LENNOX,	CHARLES G. FOSTER,
HENRY BREED,	JAMES T. MOULTON,
JOHN T. MOULTON,	WM. H. BANCROFT,
JOHN F. PATTEN,	GEORGE A. BREED,
WILBUR F. NEWHALL,	M. H. ABBOTT,
CHARLES E. AMES,	Q. A. TOWNS,
HOOD, JOHNSON & Co.,	A. J. MACE,
C. J. H. WOODBURY,	ABEL G. COURTIS,
M. P. CLOUGH,	JOHN E. DONALLAN,
MORGAN & DORE,	NATHAN CLARK,
GEORGE D. SARGEANT,	W. E. SYMONDS,
W. C. HOLDER,	G. H. HARWOOD,
CHARLES BUFFUM,	SPINNEY & CALDWELL,
MELCHER & SPINNEY,	H. R. VALPEY,
GEORGE FOSTER,	A. CHOATE,
H. L. PORTER,	W. H. NILES,
JESSE L. ATTWILL,	C. W. WILSON.
HENRY E. NEWHALL,	

Jan. 19, 1885, a donation from Alvin R. Richardson is acknowledged, conveying four acres of land, more or less, in the Forest of Lynn, in the Middle Pasture, so-called, near Penny Bridge, in the third range north of the Middle Pasture Wall.

On the same day a donation from Stephen N. Breed was received, conveying by deed eight acres of land in the Forest of Lynn, situate at a place called Steep Hill, being a lot lying in the third range in the second part of the third

division, and consisting of the lot originally laid out to Theophilus Farrington and a part of the lot laid out to John Newhall, Sr.

The Trustees voted that these respective tracts should bear the names of Richardson's and Breed's Groves.

The records of the Trustees, under date of March 3, 1886, acknowledge a gift by Ezra Baker,¹ of six acres of land on the northern slope of Burrill Hill.

April 25, 1887, David H. Sweetser, Mary Abby Sweetser, Mary Anna Sweetser and Charles S. Sweetser, deeded to the Trustees of the Free Public Forest, as a donation, a lot of woodland situated in Penny Brook Glen, ninth range of "Lots in the body of the town," between the lot laid out to Edward Fuller, on the southwest, and that to John Fuller on the northeast, and bounded northwesterly and southwesterly by the range lines, containing one acre and forty poles.

Jan. 3, 1887, Eugene Barry was elected a member of the Board of Trustees, in place of Wilbur F. Newhall, resigned, and John T. Moulton was elected a member in place of Benjamin Proctor, deceased.

The story of the rescue of the Penny Brook Glen, the acquisition of the Dungeon Rock and the active agents therein, is related in the Annual Report for 1887, at a meeting held March 1, 1888.

"The year just ended has resulted more to the advantage of the Forest than the one immediately preceding, and, indeed, considered in some aspects, we may perhaps say, more than any other preceding.

¹ Mr. Tracy, on behalf of the Trustees of the Forest, agreed that this lot should always bear the name of Baker's Grove. It is marked on Mr. Harris' plan, *E. Burrill*, having been an ancient holding of the Ebenezer Burrill family of Swampscott.

“We have been brought into possession of nearly as much additional land as in any one of the past years; while as to the importance of the acquisitions, and the public sympathy shown in the contributions toward the purchase, no other year can lay any claim to comparison with this.

“Very early in 1887, before the end of the winter, we learned that certain parties had bargained for the lots lying in Penny Brook Glen, and were already cutting off the wood from that valuable and beautiful locality. Certain influential gentlemen, not of our official number, on having their attention called to the fact, expressed a deep interest, and at once proposed decisive action. So far as possible, we immediately joined forces with them, and it being found on inquiry that the purchasing party was willing to stay proceedings and exchange his right for a fair consideration, and that the owner of the land was willing to convey to us instead, a canvass was immediately opened. This proved so successful, under the management of Philip A. Chase, Esq., in conjunction with one of our own numbers (Mr. Barry), that in a relatively very short time the whole sum was raised, and the tract, containing some thirteen acres, was fully conveyed to the Forest forever. The conveying parties were the heirs of the late Charles Newhall of Broad Street, and the consideration paid was in all four hundred dollars. Through the whole effort we had been kindly and efficiently assisted by D. Herbert Sweetser, Esq., and on its fortunate completion, he, with others of his family, donated to us a lot in the same vicinity, containing nearly two acres. By this, we obtained control of almost the whole of this beautiful valley, with its present attractions, indeed, somewhat marred, but with its best features still uninjured. Some fifty cords of wood had been cut, including many valuable trees; but the monarchs of the realm were rescued from danger, and we comfort ourselves for the loss by the thought that such a sacrifice seemed necessary to arouse the active sympathy and interference of our citizens.

“The satisfactory issue in this direction, encouraged Messrs. Chase and Barry to attack a still greater undertaking. The financial position of the Marble property at Dungeon Rock, had become one of some uncertainty, which every day added to the conviction that it ought, if possible, to be soon added to our possession. Negotiations with the owners were opened; and as it appeared that they were willing to convey to us, terms were at length adjusted between us, and Messrs. Chase and Barry undertook the second and much more imposing work. That their persevering exertions were fully successful, appears sufficiently in the fact that the title deeds of an undivided half, each from Mrs. H. L. Marble and Mrs. Carrie Hickox, of the special ‘Rock’ property, and a full conveyance from Mrs. Marble of nearly seven acres adjoining, were delivered to us on payment of their equity in the property, early in the season, and are now duly recorded, making some thirty acres more, the perpetual possession of the people. The total cost of the purchase was about three thousand dollars, a large portion of which has been subscribed and collected, leaving only a previous mortgage of twelve hundred dollars. It is only just to observe, that during the rather protracted solicitation the private pecuniary support of the parties engaged was cheerfully rendered; and it is quite as pleasant to understand, that all such temporary obligations are expected to soon be cancelled by further subscriptions to be solicited by the same gentlemen.

“Beyond these accessions, Mr. Sweetser, with his associates, Messrs. Walden, Frazier and Breed, has since made a further donation of a lot near Lantern Hill, adjacent to that formerly conveyed to us by the City of Lynn. This lot contains two acres, ten poles.

“On leaving this part of the subject, the Trustees desire to place upon public record their hearty acknowledgments, both officially and otherwise, to all whose sympathies, means and labors, helped toward this desirable result, and in a

particular manner to Messrs. Philip A. Chase, D. Herbert Sweetser and Eugene Barry, whose efforts effected, for us and the people of Lynn, what otherwise could hardly have been accomplished."

In the annual report for 1888, the Trustees acknowledge the receipt of "the legacy left us by our late lamented associate, Benjamin Proctor, amounting to two hundred dollars."

Feb. 18, 1889, a donation from Samuel J. Hollis was received, conveying by deed a lot of land in the Forest of Lynn, containing seven acres, more or less, lying in the ninth range, of the second division of Lynn Common Lands, bounded northeasterly by land of the heirs of William Estes; southwesterly by land late of Samuel Boyce, and otherwise by the range lines. Being the same lot that was conveyed to me by Nathaniel Ingalls, by his deed recorded with Essex Deeds, book 823, leaf 266; and to said Ingalls by William Bassett, administrator of the estate of Ezekiel Estes, by deed recorded as above, book 357, leaf 290.

April 11, 1890, the Trustees met the Park Commissioners. At the close of the conference the following order, offered by Mr. Barry, was unanimously adopted:

Ordered, That it is the sense of this Board, that the best interests of the Free Public Forest would be best promoted, by deeding all the lands situated in Lynn, and now held by the Trustees, to the City of Lynn, in trust, however, and subject to all mortgages, liens, terms and conditions, as the same are now held by us under the Indenture of Trust or otherwise; and provided, further, that said City of Lynn will agree with said Trustees, and each of them to hold them, and each of them harmless from all loss, cost and

trouble in any way arising by reason of this proposed conveyance."

At a meeting held May 29, 1890, President Guilford presented a draft of a deed, and, on motion of Mr. Barry, it was voted to adopt and execute the deed as reported by President Guilford.

Previous to the adoption of the deed, President Guilford read the copy of an order, adopted by both branches of the City Council, May 20, 1890, and the Secretary was directed to enter the same upon these records :

CITY OF LYNN.

IN BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN, }
May 20, 1890. }

Ordered, That the Mayor, in the name and on behalf of the City, be and hereby is authorized to accept from Edward Johnson, Jr., John T. Moulton, Samuel A. Guilford, William P. Sargent and Eugene Barry, Trustees under an Indenture of Trust, made the sixth day of December, 1881, and recorded with the Essex South District Deeds, book 1069, leaf 297, which is a trust for the benefit of the inhabitants of the City of Lynn, of certain lands in Lynn Woods, their deed as trustees of all the lands situated and being in the City of Lynn, belonging to the said Trustees from whomsoever conveyed; and that after the payment by the Board of Park Commissioners of all mortgages, liens and liabilities thereon, the said City indemnify and hold harmless, said Edward Johnson, Jr., John T. Moulton, Samuel A. Guilford, William P. Sargent and Eugene Barry, from the consequences of their said conveyance, above described, to the City of Lynn.

Adopted, sent down for concurrence.

CHARLES E. PARSONS, *City Clerk.*

IN COMMON COUNCIL, }
May 20, 1890. }

Adopted in concurrence.

JOHN R. STORY, *Clerk*.

Approved.

ASA T. NEWHALL, *Mayor*.

A true copy, attest:

CHARLES E. PARSONS, *City Clerk*.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Board met at the Mayor's room at the City Hall, Saturday morning, May 31, 1890, at 9 o'clock, for the purpose of executing with the Mayor, the deed of conveyance of lands as adopted by the Board May 29, 1890.

Members present: Guilford, Johnson, Sargent and Moulton.

All the Trustees present signed and sealed the deed of conveyance in the presence of the Mayor and the City Clerk; and subsequently Mayor Newhall, in the presence of the Trustees above named, and in presence of Charles E. Parsons, City Clerk, signed the deed of conveyance and affixed the corporate seal of the City thereto.

Subsequently, Mr. Eugene Barry, who was absent from the meeting, was found at his place of business, and there signed and sealed the deed of conveyance the on same day.

Cyrus M. Tracy was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and Wilbur F. Newhall, Treasurer.

Samuel A. Guilford was President and John T. Moulton, Treasurer, when the lands acquired were deeded to the City.

William P. Sargent was Secretary of the Board for the whole period covered by its records, and is still in office, for the Board yet holds the title to some land in Saugus, which the Park Commissioners are unable to legally acquire, owing

to the Statute limiting their holdings to land lying in Lynn. If it is desired to include the tract in Penny Brook Glen that lies beyond the territorial line of Lynn, we must reunite Lynn and its ancient West Parish — Saugus.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS,

Individuals and firms who pledged the sum of twenty thousand dollars "to aid the City of Lynn in the purchase and improvement of the land in Lynn Woods as a Public Park," and who have actually contributed (not including gifts of land) the sum of \$21,440.00. Names and not amounts are given, for it is the public spirit that should be recorded, rather than the length of the purse:

HENRY A. PEVEAR,
CHARLES A. COFFIN,
JOSEPH N. SMITH,
CHARLES H. NEWHALL,
BENJAMIN F. SPINNEY,
PHILIP A. CHASE,
FRANCIS W. BREED,
AUGUSTUS B. MARTIN,
WILLIAM F. MORGAN,
BENJAMIN DORE,
JOHN S. BARTLETT,
JOSEPH DAVIS,
LUTHER S. JOHNSON,
GEORGE K. PEVEAR,
CHARLES B. TEBBETTS,
AARON F. SMITH,
DAVID H. SWEETSER,
WILLIAM G. S. KEENE,
MOWER & BRO.,
LUCIAN NEWHALL,
CHARLES S. SWEETSER,
BENJAMIN W. CURRIER,
SAMUEL J. HOLLIS,
AMOS F. BREED,
JOHN E. DONALLAN,
MARCUS M. PACKER,
GEORGE A. CREIGHTON,
ROLLIN E. HARMON,
MICAHAH P. CLOUGH,
EUGENE BARRY,
JAMES PHELAN,

BAKER, MARSHMAN & BAKER,
A. M. H. HATHAWAY,
THOMAS STACY,
T. C. JOHNSON & SON,
SAWYER & CHASE,
WILLIAM A. BOLAND,
HOYT BROS.,
RUMSEY BROS.,
D. A. DONOVAN & CO.,
NATHAN CLARK,
LEWIS P. BARTLETT,
DAVID J. LORD,
KIMBALL BROS.,
JOSIAH C. BENNETT,
LOUIS B. RUSSELL,
N. EVERETT SILSBEE,
LYMAN B. FRAZIER,
SHUTE & FAULKNER,
CHARLES O. BEEDE,
GEORGE E. BARNARD,
FREDERICK S. PEVEAR,
ENOCH S. JOHNSON,
MARK J. WORTHLEY,
CHARLES H. BAKER,
JOHN W. HEALEY,
LITTLEFIELD & PLUMMER,
ALFRED CROSS,
HENRY B. SPRAGUE,
WILLIS W. GEORGE,
JAMES P. MARTIN,
FRED E. ABBOTT,

VALPEY & ANTHONY,	EDWARD HEFFERNAN,
PATRICK LENNOX,	E. W. & C. F. MOWER,
CHARLES W. PORTER,	T. EDWARD PARKER,
E. WILBUR RICE, JR.,	S. B. FULLER & SON,
JOHN MACNAIR,	WALTER E. BLANCHARD,
MARTIN H. HOOD,	MYRON H. WHITTREDGE,
W. HENRY HUTCHINSON,	FRANK KEENE,
JAMES E. JENKINS,	BROWN & ATHERTON,
JOHN F. SWAIN,	HOUGHTON & GODFREY,
WILLIAM J. CREIGHTON,	FAUNCE & SPINNEY,
BENJAMIN V. FRENCH,	A. M. & J. H. PREBLE,
ROLLIN A. SPAULDING,	L. BEEBE & SONS,
PRATT & BABB,	J. B. & W. A. LAMPER,
C. H. ABORN & CO.,	ELIHU B. HAYES,
J. W. INGALLS & SON,	THOS. P. NICHOLS,
QUINCY A. TOWNS,	EVERETT H. DUNBAR,
JOHN T. MOULTON,	ELBRIDGE S. YOUNG,
GEORGE D. SARGEANT,	DR. J. W. GOODELL,
GEORGE J. CARR,	CHARLES A. TABER,
WILLIAM H. NILES,	JOSEPH D. VALIQUET.

* AREA OF PUBLIC GROUNDS.

	Acres
Lynn Woods	1650
Meadow Park	30½
Lynn Common and Park	21
Goldfish Pond Park (land and water)	3
Washington Square	$\frac{1}{4}$
Highland Square	$\frac{1}{2}$
Pine Grove Cemetery	133
Eastern Burial Ground	8
Western Burial Ground	10
St. Mary's Cemetery	8
St. Joseph's Cemetery	15
Friends' Cemetery	2

* Including cemeteries in Lynn.

AREA OF PONDS.

	Acres.
Walden Pond	128
Glen Lewis Pond	36

	Aeres.
Birch Brook Pond	84
Breed's Pond	64
Cedar Pond	4
Flax Pond	75
Floating Bridge Pond	17
Goldfish Pond	1½
Holder's Pond	7
Lily Pond	4
Sluice Pond	50

DISTANCES.

	Miles.
From Central Square (railroad station) to the landing, terminus of Lynn & Boston R. R. at head of Glen Lewis Pond	3
From same to Walden Pond dam via Walnut street	4
From landing head of Glen Lewis Pond, to Walden Pond dam via pond roads	2
Round trip distance from Central square via Wyoma and the Landing, around the ponds, return by Walnut street, passing Birch Pond, to Central square	9½
From Walnut street, at Breed's pond, to Dungeon Rock	1¼
From the same, via Dungeon Rock, to Mt. Gilead	2½
From the same, or Myrtle street car station, via Dungeon Road and Great Woods Road, to the landing (Lynn & Boston R. R. station)	3¼
From the landing to Mt. Gilead	1⅛
From the landing to the top of Burrill Hill	¾
From terminus of Belt Line R. R. by path to Dungeon Rock	¾
From same to Mt. Gilead	1½
From same to Lantern Rock	¼

HEIGHT OF HILLS IN LYNN WOODS.

	Feet.
Burrill Hill	280
Mt. Gilead	272
Mt. Spickett, near L. & B. station at the landing	278
Pine Hill	224
Dungeon Rock	210
Cedar Hill	228

High Rock is 180 feet.

OF THE LAYING OUT OF PUBLIC PARKS BY TOWNS AND CITIES.

Acts of 1882. Chap. 154, as Amended by Chap. 240 of the Acts of 1890.

SECTION 1. Any town in this Commonwealth which accepts the provisions of this act in the manner hereinafter prescribed may, at a legal meeting called for the purpose, elect three competent persons who shall constitute a board of park commissioners for such town, and may prescribe their terms of office; and the mayor of any city which in such manner accepts said provisions may, with the approval of the city council, as soon as may be, after such acceptance, appoint five competent persons who shall constitute a board of park commissioners for such city, and who shall hold their offices until the expiration of terms of one, two, three, four, and five years respectively, from the first Monday in May next following such appointment; and the mayor shall, before the first Monday in May in each year thereafter, with like approval appoint one such commissioner to continue in office for five years from the expiration of the term of the commissioner then next outgoing. No person shall be such commissioner who is at the same time a selectman or treasurer or clerk of such town, or a member of the city council, clerk, or treasurer of such city; and any such commissioner may be removed by a vote of two-thirds of the legal voters of such town, at a legal town meeting called for the purpose, or by a concurrent vote of two-thirds of the whole of each branch of such city council.

SECT. 2. Any vacancy occurring in such board shall be filled for the residue of the term of the commissioner whose place is to be filled in the manner in which such commissioner was originally appointed. Such commissioners shall serve without compensation.

SECT. 3. Such boards of park commissioners shall have

power to locate within the limits of their respective towns or cities a public park or parks, and for that purpose from time to time to take in fee by purchase, gift, devise, or otherwise, any and all such lands as they may deem desirable therefor, or to take bonds for the conveyance thereof to their respective towns or cities; to lay out and improve any such park or parks; to make rules for the use and government thereof, and for breaches of such rules to affix penalties not exceeding twenty dollars for one offence, to be imposed by any court of competent jurisdiction; to appoint all necessary engineers, surveyors, clerks, and other officers, including a police force to act in such parks; to define the powers and duties of such officers and fix the amount of their compensation; and generally to do all acts needful for the proper execution of the powers and duties granted to or imposed upon such town or city or upon such boards by this act; *provided, however*, that no land shall be taken, or any other thing involving an expenditure of money be done under this act, until an appropriation sufficient to cover the estimated expense thereof shall in the town have been made by a vote of two-thirds of the legal voters present, and voting in a legal town meeting called for the purpose, or in a city by a vote of two-thirds of each branch of the city council; and such expenditures shall in no case exceed the appropriations made therefor, and all contracts made for expenditures beyond the amount of such appropriations shall be void; *provided, further*, that in a town no taking of land otherwise than by purchase shall be valid unless such taking is reported to the town, filed, accepted, and allowed, as provided by section seventy-one of chapter forty-nine of the Public Statutes in the case of laying out town ways.

SECT. 4. Such boards shall, within sixty days after the taking of any land under this act, file, and cause to be recorded in the registry of deeds for the county or district in which any land so taken is situated a description thereof sufficiently accurate for identifying the same.

SECT. 5. Such boards shall respectively estimate and determine all damages sustained by any person by the taking of land or by other acts of such boards in the execution of the powers vested in them respectively by this act; but a person aggrieved by any such determination of the board may have his damages assessed by a jury of the superior court in the same manner as is provided by law with respect to damages sustained by reason of the laying out of ways. If upon trial damages are increased beyond the award, the party in whose favor the award was made shall recover his costs; otherwise, he shall pay costs; and costs shall be taxed as in civil cases.

SECT. 6. The fee of any land taken or purchased by such boards in any town or city for a park under this act shall vest in the town or city in which such park is laid out; and such town or city shall be liable to pay all damages assessed or determined, as provided in the preceding section, and all other costs and expenses incurred by its board of park commissioners in the execution of the powers vested in such board by this act. Any town or city shall also be authorized to take and hold in trust or otherwise any devise, grant, gift, or bequest that may be made for the purpose of laying out, improving, or ornamenting any park or parks therein.

SECT. 7. The boards of park commissioners, in their respective towns and cities, shall have the same authority to determine the value of, and assess upon real estate the amount of betterments accruing to said real estate by the locating and laying out of a park or parks under this act that is conferred by chapter fifty-one of the Public Statutes upon boards of city or town officers authorized to lay out streets or ways; and the provisions of the first eight sections of said chapter relating to ways shall apply to such assessments by boards of park commissioners in respect to the location and laying out of parks as aforesaid; *provided, however*, that no assessment shall be laid upon any real estate except such as abuts upon the park from the laying out of

which the betterment accrues, or upon a street or way bounded by such park.

SECT. 8. Any town or city in which a public park is laid out under this act may raise, appropriate and expend such sums of money as may be deemed best for the purchase and improvement of such park or parks, subject to the laws of this Commonwealth limiting municipal indebtedness.

SECT. 9. For the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred under the provisions of this act, the city council of any city shall have authority to issue from time to time, and to an amount not exceeding the sum actually expended for the purchase or taking of lands for a park or parks, bonds or certificates of debt, to be nominated on the face thereof the "Public Park Loan," and to bear interest at such rates and to be payable at such times as said city council may determine. For the redemption of such loan such city council shall establish a sinking fund sufficient, with the accumulating interest, to provide for the payment of such loan at maturity. All amounts received for betterments shall be paid into such sinking fund until such fund shall amount to a sum sufficient with its accumulation to pay at maturity the bonds for the security of which the fund was established.

SECT. 10. All lands taken or held under this act shall be forever kept open and maintained as a public park or parks. No building covering more than six hundred square feet shall be placed or allowed to remain on any such park; and no street or way, and no steam or horse railroad, shall be laid out over any portion of a park located under this act, except at such places and in such manner as the board of park commissioners shall approve.

SECT. 11. No military encampment, parade, drill, review, or other military evolution or exercise shall be held or performed on any park laid out as aforesaid except with the consent of such board; nor shall any military body, without such consent, enter or move in military order within such

park, except in case of riot, insurrection, rebellion, or war.

SECT. 12. All such boards of park commissioners shall make reports of their respective doings, including detailed statements of all receipts, expenditures, and liabilities for the preceding year; such reports to be made in towns at the annual town meetings, and at such other times as the town may direct, and in cities to the city council annually in the month of December.

SECT. 13. This act shall not take full effect in any town or city unless accepted by a majority of the legal voters of such town or city present and voting thereon by ballot and using the check-list at a meeting or meetings, notice whereof having been duly given at least seven days beforehand. Said ballots shall be "yes" or "no" in answer to the question, "Shall an act passed by the legislature of the Commonwealth in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled 'An act authorizing towns and cities to lay out public parks within their limits,' be accepted?" In a town such meeting shall be called and notified in the manner in which meetings for the election of town officers are called and notified; and in a city, meetings to act thereon shall be held at one time in the usual voting places of the city, and on such days as shall be designated by the board of aldermen at any regular meeting, and shall be called and notified by the board of aldermen in the manner in which meetings for the election of municipal officers are called and notified. The ballots cast shall be assorted, counted, and public declaration made thereof in open town or ward meeting, as the case may be, and the number of ballots respectively cast shall be registered in the town or ward records, as the case may be. The clerk in each ward in a city shall, within forty-eight hours of the close of the polls, make return to the board of aldermen of the number of ballots cast in his ward in favor of the acceptance of this act and of the number cast against its acceptance. The selectmen and town clerk of a town, and

the board of aldermen of a city, in which such meeting or meetings are held, shall certify, as soon as may be thereafter, to the secretary of the Commonwealth the whole number of ballots cast in favor of the acceptance of this act, and of the whole number cast against its acceptance, and, if it shall appear that a majority of the ballots have been cast in favor of acceptance, the said secretary shall immediately issue and publish his certificate declaring this act to have been duly accepted by such town or city.

SECT. 14. No second meeting for the purpose of voting upon the question of accepting this act shall be called within twelve months from the first, unless the first meeting shall have failed through illegality or irregularity in the proceedings.

ORDINANCES.

The Board of Park Commissioners of the City of Lynn, by virtue of its authority to make rules for the use and government of the Public Parks of said City, and for breaches of such rules to affix penalties, hereby ordains that within the limits of Lynn Woods, except with the prior consent of the Board, it is forbidden :

1. To cut, break, injure, deface, defile or ill use any building, fence, or other construction, or any tree, bush or turf, or any other thing or property,

2. To have possession of any freshly-plucked tree or bush.

3. To throw stones or other missiles ; to discharge or carry firearms, except by members of the Police force in the discharge of their duties ; to discharge or carry firecrackers, torpedoes or fireworks ; to make fires ; to have any intoxicating beverages ; to sell, to offer or expose for sale, any goods or wares ; to post or display signs, placards, flags, or advertising devices ; to solicit subscriptions or contributions ; to play games of chance, or have possession of instruments

of gambling; to utter profane, threatening, abusive or indecent language, or to do any obscene or indecent act; to bathe or fish; to solicit the acquaintance of, or follow, or otherwise annoy other visitors.

4. To allow cattle, horses, or other animals to pass over or stray upon the Park lands, provided that this shall not apply to those used for pleasure travel when on the ways or places provided and open for the purpose.

5. To drive a horse or horses at a rate faster than eight miles an hour.

6. To ride a horse at a rate faster than ten miles an hour.

7. To drive or ride any animal not well broken and under perfect control of the driver.

8. To play ball or other games or sports, except on grounds provided therefor.

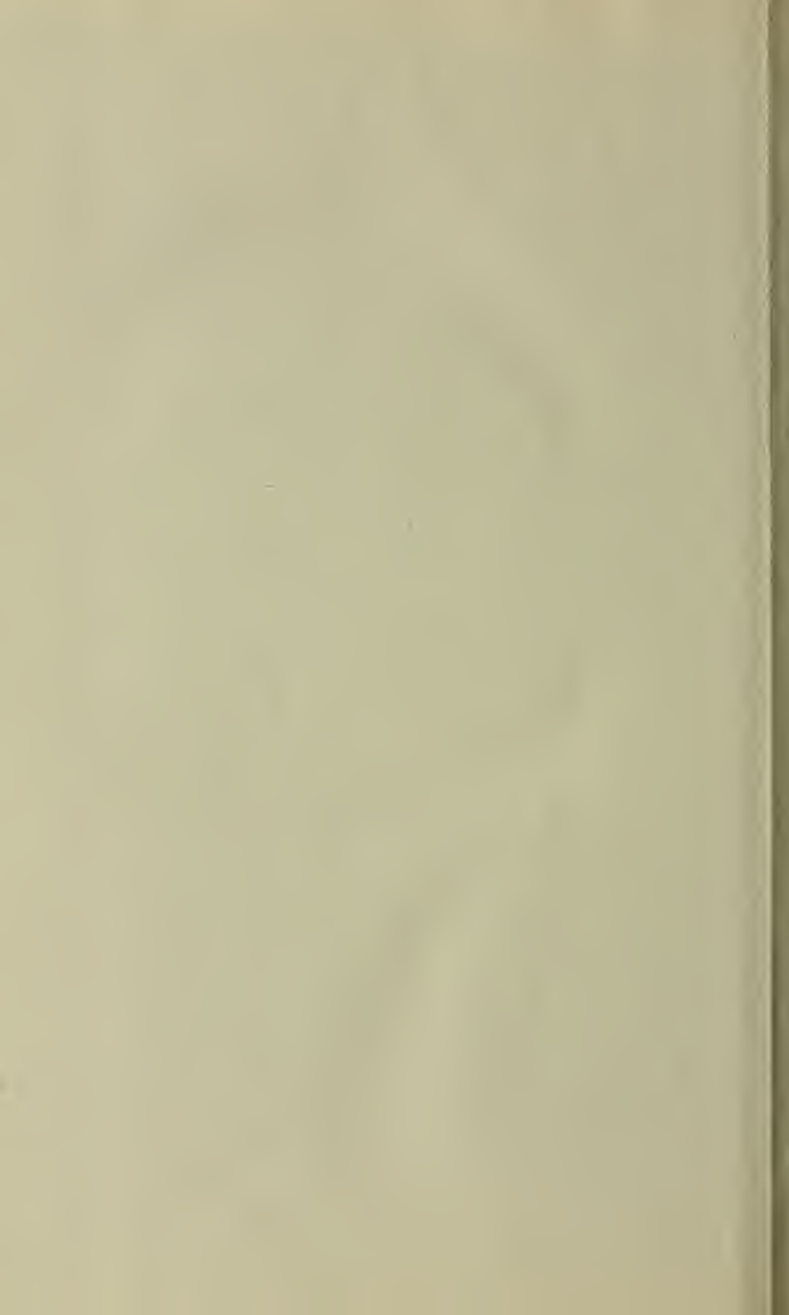
9. To engage in conversation with men at work, or to obstruct, hinder or embarrass their movements.

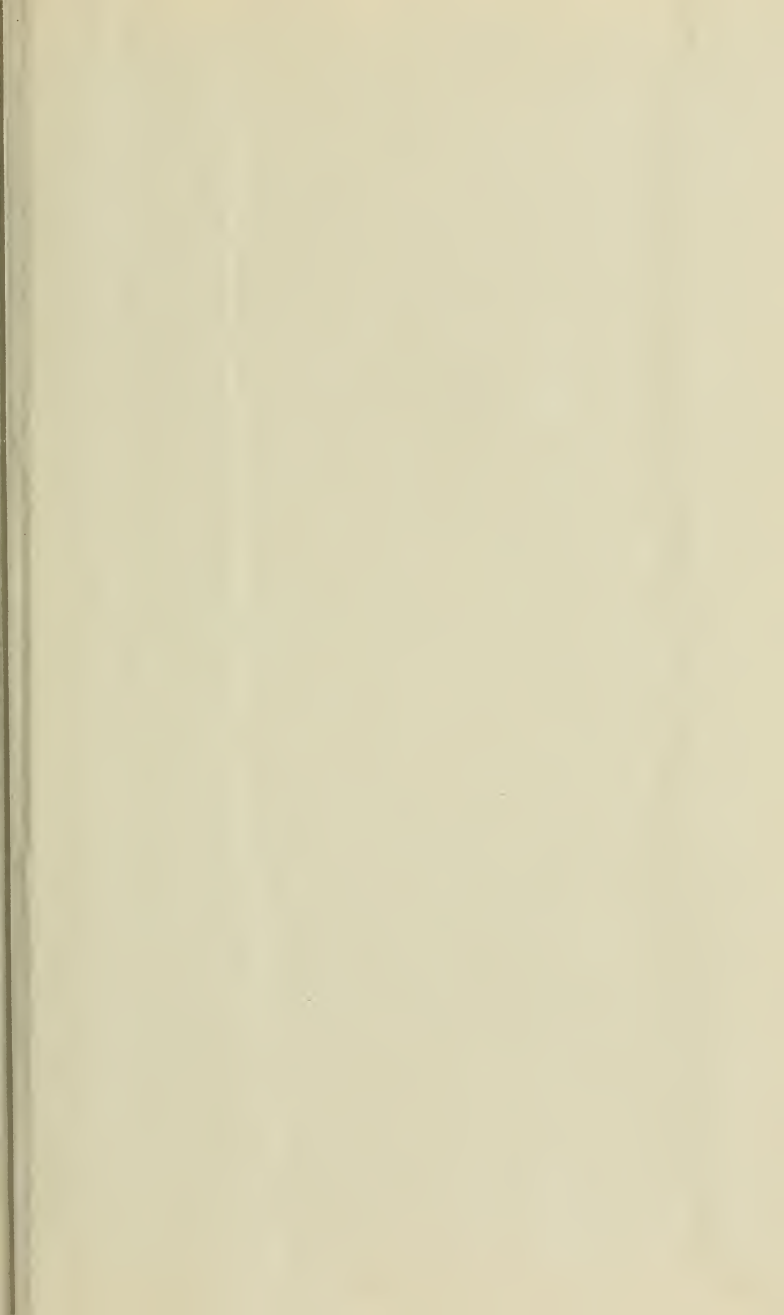
10. To refuse to obey the orders or requests of either of the Commissioners, or of the Park Police, or other agents of the Commissioners, and to refuse to assist them when required.

Any person wilfully doing either of the things above forbidden shall be punished by fine not exceeding twenty dollars.

Compliance with the foregoing regulations is a condition of the use of these premises.







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